

For Other Crusade Reports see pages 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

The West on Fire for God

Edmonton Forces Stir the City

Police required to direct traffic—Thirteen Seekers for Sunday, the Field Secretary in charge.

(By Wire)

Ensign and Mrs. Collier. The Crusade spirit continues at Edmonton. There was the largest turnout of comrades at Open-Air in eighteen years. Streets were crowded, requiring police to direct traffic and crowds followed to the Citadel. Thirteen seekers were registered for the day, bringing total seekers for Crusade up to thirty-eight.—B. Collier, Ensign.

Drumheller's Drive against the Devil

Twenty-seven Surrenders Include a Former Preacher and a Father whose Little Son Prayed for Him

(By Wire)

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell—The great Salvation Crusade is going full steam ahead in the mining town of Drumheller. The Army Citadel has been crowded since commencement with a stirring half-night of prayer, and up to time of dispatching report, twenty-



seven seekers have knelt at the Cross. One of the most touching cases was that of a small boy who knelt by his father's side praying for his Salvation. A backslider, who was at one time a preacher, and felt his condition hopeless, sought and found restoration. Commandant Carroll in charge of the Campaign has been compelled to stay on owing to the increase of interest. Drumheller is in for victory.—C.C. Gordon Taylor.

The Glory Cloud at North Battleford

Thirteen Seekers Cause Comrades to "Bubble Over" With Joy

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. The battle against sin and its strongholds is in full swing. Our Cottage Meetings are full of power, and the noon-day Prayer-Meeting at the Hall are rich in blessing. In the recent eight Meetings there has been an average of eighty-six persons present at each. Many people are under conviction, some having been compelled to rise at an early hour in the morning to read the Word of God.

Envy Mephram was with us, the first weekend of the Crusade, and the glory cloud truly burst upon us. He arrived in time for the Saturday night Open-Air Meeting, in which seven knelt at the Altar for consecration. The Soldiers are bubbling over with joy. Hallelujah! Sunday night, after the rousing Open-Air the crowd was good in the Hall, the message was full of power, and six came to the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. We thank God for the Envy and his stirring messages.—J. Smith.

Mayor of Virden gives Inspiring Crusade Message

Captain Houghton and Lieut. Parr. The opening Meeting of the Crusade was conducted by Brother (Mayor) Gardner, and his Crusade message was an inspiration. At the close of the Meeting we engaged in special prayer for the effort. Our Saturday afternoon Open-Air on Main Street was well attended, as were the Sunday Meetings when we indeed felt God was with us and for us.

A Meeting of special interest and inspiration was the welcome of our Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Steele, on Monday night. Quite a good attendance was recorded, among the number being some who had driven in several miles from surrounding farms. At the close of the gathering we rejoiced over two seekers, one for consecration and one for Salvation.

"War Cry" selling was easy last week when we boomed the issue with the "Now is the day of Salvation" front. Many would-be purchasers enquired as to the meaning of the same, and wondered if we were selling a special number.



Fort William Crusaders and Crusade Converts. Fifteen of the new comrades were absent when the photo was taken.

Fort William's Splendid Victories

Seeker throws cigarettes on Penitent-Form—The Students addressed at Collegiate—"War Cry" sells like hot cakes

(By Wire)

Captain and Mrs. King. There were wonderful victories Thursday and Friday nights, with a large crowd in the Citadel on the latter occasion, those present being melted by the wonder of the evening's

theme, "The Power of the Cross." We enjoyed a real, old-time Prayer-Meeting in which people from all churches joined in the battle for souls. Among the seekers one man twenty-one years of age, a new case, whose mother is a Salvationist in heaven, threw his cigarettes on the Penitent-Form as he struggled and wrestled for victory. Three other adult seekers were registered. Christians from all churches are talking about the Meetings, and believe the revival will spread through the city like a prairie fire.

Visits to the Collegiate have been outstanding features of the Campaign, singing and speaking both being enjoyed by the pupils. A special women's Meeting on Friday afternoon proved to be full of fire and cheer for those gathered. The Cadets' first experience of "War Cry" selling in Fort William was indeed encouraging. The papers went like hot cakes.

Revival Fire Burns Brightly at Brandon

Thirty-four Seekers to date—more coming

(By Wire)

Adjutant White and Capt. Williamson—The revival fervor of the Crusade at Brandon has grown in intensity, with seekers every night. The attendance has increased daily and our converts are bravely taking their stand. Motor truck and other methods of bombardment have been most successful and the city has been deeply stirred. Visitation of homes by the Cadets has been a splendid means of securing new people and a number of these have sought Salvation.

At the Jail on Sunday five prisoners decided for Christ. At the request of Principal Byers Brigadier Carter addressed six hundred school children on India. The Commanding Officers, Sergt.-Major Dinsdale, the Local Officers and Comrades, have done yeoman service. Sunday's Meetings finished up with fourteen souls in the Fountain—this making a total of thirty-four seekers for the Campaign up to date.—Gilbert Carter, Brigadier.



Blood, to wash
my sin away

No. 1

Coming Events

Chief Secretary and
rs. Colonel Miller

juver (Y.P. Connells), Sat-
arch 17-18.

LONEL McLEAN: Lethbridge,
Sun., Feb. 19-27; Medicine Hat,
Feb. 28; Swift Current, Tues.
29; Regina, Thurs.-Tues, Mar. 5;
Brandon, Thurs.-Tues, Mar. 6;
Winnipeg Citadel: Sun.-Thurs,
18-22; Calgary Citadel, Sun.-
3, Mar. 25-29.

LONEL SIMS: Fort Rangoon,
Mon., Feb. 26-27; Edmonton,
Tues., Mar. 5-6; Calgary, Sat-
Mar. 10-12.

LONEL JOY: Saskatoon II,
Sun., Feb. 25-26; Prince Al-
Tues.-Wed., Feb. 28-29; Mel-
Fri.-Sun., March 2-4.

DIER GOSLING: Saskatoon,
Sun., Feb. 25-26.

-CAPTAIN TUTTLE: Assini-
Fri., Feb. 24; Shaunavon, Sat-
Feb. 25-26; Medicine Hat,
Feb. 29.

William—Latest Wire

did Meeting Tuesday evening,
getting bigger. Four at the
Cadets all on fire. So are
and Soldiers.—Norvic.

Don Smith. Last known address, 22
street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.
Arne Andersen Brekke. Age 21.
Blue eyes, last heard from April 1927.
worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A kind

David John Stoddart. Missing since
1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins., 65 lbs.
fair complexion, coal miner in Old
native of Wales.
Archie Kirk Towsley. Age 40, 5 ft. 11,
brown hair; nose pierced through
left. Took up home between Bear
and Spirit River. Several increases in
Army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts
write his mother, J. H. Towsley, Yel-

Walter Wood. Fair hair; blue eyes;
teacher; taught 8 yrs. in small town
to be a student. Left his home in
the Ont. Tues. 27th, 1927. Should be
in the Ont. use communication. Looking
every ill and is anxious to hear from

1918 — HARVEY
Groundwater. Last
known to be in Win-
nipeg in May, 1927.
Age 28, very dark
complexion; height 5
ft. 7 in.; has pro-
nounced limp in right
leg. It will be to his
advantage to com-
municate with his
father at Lewisville,
N.B., who at present
is very ill. Address
Harvey's Ground-
water, Lewisville,
West-Canada C.N.B.

For Sale
Fort Marimbaphone, silver steel,
Chicago, Chicago.
Instrument. Used either by one
player, or as solo, with piano or
companionment. Packed in special
Price sacrificed. Apply Envy
Hawley, 830 Third Ave. West,
Alta.

Sale—A "Washington" Guitar
splendid attachment, in splen-
dorous condition. Also good leather case.
30. What offers? Apply E. B.
Hawley, 830 Third Ave. West, Winnipeg.

S.O.S. from Melville
are any Corps or Bat- which will
the help of this struggling
Corps, and then a brass
for their newly formed Band.
Instrument will do. Captain
to remedy any distress—he is a
man. Now, don't let that old
go to rust and send a
Melville.



LET US GO HOME—HOME TO GOD

"Come Home with me and refresh thyself."—1 Kings, 13:7

her chickens under her wings. And ye would not."

That yearning pity for Jerusalem is the longing of the Heavenly Father for the separate and individual possession of each one of us.

There are historic Scriptural instances which almost immediately occur to one when one gets on to this strain. Those who knew of refreshment and home, and yet wandered so far afield from both.

He goes along his way ragged and wretched, friendless and unpitied, away over the hills to his degraded slave amongst the swine. "I perish with hunger," said he. "No man gave unto him." There was a deeper, sorer need than that for bread, and that need no man could satisfy. The home yearn is so strong on him that, at last, in desperation, he makes up his mind to go home. For that want the prodigal must be at home with his Father.

There is another picture in the Old Testament that we may set beside it. There, amongst all that wealth could purchase, all that heaped up luxury could bring, is the same bitter cry of hunger.

"I made my great works: I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I got me servants and maid-servants; I gathered me silver and gold; I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men. Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not from every joy. And behold—*all was vanity and vexation of spirit.*"

What must be His sorrow? I wonder if we shall ever adequately picture the grief of the Father's heart for those who, in an earthly sense, never hear such an invitation as this. What must be His sorrow for those who live homeless and fatherless, orphaned amidst the mysteries of life, the whence and the whither, and the emptiness of all apart from Himself. The measure of God's love to men is the measure of His grief for those who do not suffer that great love to satisfy them.

What an agony of pity, a yearning and longing of love was there in the words of the Lord Jesus as He looked on the city of old. "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth

Father of all that concerns us as a man talketh to his friend. When ye pray, say *Our Father*. To be assured of that Fatherhood is to know the secret of all real prayer. There must be this blessed intimacy with God if we would be at home with Him.

And is this not what He desires! It is good to think of the prodigal arising, and going home to His Father, but more wonderful is it when our Lord comes and knocks, and asks for permission to enter at the door. "If any man hear My voice and will open the door I will come in and sup with him." He who came of old eating and drinking comes still to be at home with us—one of us—one with us, making ours the Father's house, His habitation, and His home.

There is such a sureness in this invitation. We do not feel we are being invited to a cold hearth-place; to an ill spread table; or to an empty cupboard. There is a banner waving over the banquet hall which is Love itself. Here He would have us find an end of our care, and the fullness of rest and blessedness after all the toils of the way and the terrors of the journey.

We read how King Saul was troubled in spirit—dull, depressed and lonesome. Then they fetched young David the shepherd lad and he took a harp and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed and well.

The Harp of God

Just in the same way, so it seems to us, if we will but yield to the Father-King's invitation, here is the Harp of God for the troubled soul. The refreshment after the journey. The sweetest music on earth that soothes all our troubles to rest. The tender care, too, of the Father; the ceaseless care of His love is ours—the cure for all our fears and frettings.

Oh, it seems that, as we write, we can feel the warm breath of His welcoming kiss; the clasp of His Father hand, and the repeated invitation—Come, refresh thyself.

Say, shall we accept it? Will you? Let us do so together, shall we? It is the King Who calls; it is the Father and if we will but go home . . . surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life; and we will dwell in the House of the Lord forever. —J."

More Fuel Wanted

WE read in Proverbs, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." What spiritual significance is contained in this sentence. What a lot of people there are who have had the flame of God's grace lighted in their hearts, and have given promise of being bright, shining lights, but have become cold and lifeless; dead ashes with neither power for service nor warmth for those about them.

Inspiration.—Just as the fire needs fuel to keep it burning brightly, so the soul needs replenishing with supplies of thought and help from the Scriptures.

Prayer is a quick lighter, and linked with watchfulness, there will be the issues of warmth and fuel for service. Fire brings benefit to the needy.

Faith and works are also essential to keep the fire burning. If there is a lack in the supply of fuel, it will seriously interfere with the success of the fire, both in regard to warmth and brightness, as also in the matter of generating power for the requirements of the pistons, which have to do with the rolling of the chariot to bring the world to God.

Theory and Practice

A once famous missionary left the secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman, thinly clad, and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming, "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

Labor to Win Souls

There is no substitute, even in the important duty of leading souls to God, for labor. Winning men for Christ is hard work as many a soul-winner can testify to. Fish are not caught without the putting out of the nets and souls are not won without much anxious prayer, thought and labor.

When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learn, and they do not succeed because they do not learn it. Labor is the genius which changes the world from ugliness to beauty and the great curse to a blessing."

First-Things First

A small boy had been given a "puzzle picture" as a gift. One side of the bricks was a picture of man, etc., and the other side a map of the world.

An uncle who was paying them a visit was rather interested in the new toy, but could not get the pieces together to make up the map.

So the cute little nephew said: "I'll show you the way: Get the man right first, and then turn it over and the world will come right."

May God help us to get the man right, then we shall help in getting the world right.

"The world for Christ and Christ for the world."

FLEE FOR YOUR LIFE

Hogarth, the famous artist, has a picture which he calls "The Gaming House." He has drawn a company of men round the gambling table, lost to all sense and sound through their absorption in the chances of the dice. Some are wrapt up in the gratification of their gains. Others are cast into despair at their losses. The night watchman has burst in, and is calling aloud to the gamblers to escape for their lives. But they are so intent on the fortune of the game that they neither hear nor heed. In the same way the men of our time, and of every time, are so absorbed by the life of the senses, that the voice of the Spirit is not heard at all. Never was this present world so engrossing and so fascinating as today, and never were men so held by it.



Daily Bible Meditations

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Matthew 13:20—"This Rock I will Build My Church." Many are puzzled by these words of Jesus. But, if we read carefully, we shall see that the "rock" referred to was not Peter himself (whose name means "stone"), but the God-revealed truth which the Apostle had just stated (v. 16). It is well to note also that the authority given Peter by the Saviour (v. 19) was evidently shared by His fellow-Apostles (See ch. 18: 18).

Monday, Matthew 16: 21-22—"What is a Man Profited if he shall Gain the Whole World and Lose His Own Soul?" How striking and provocative of thought is this question of Jesus! No man can ever hope to possess all the world has to offer, yet multitudes are their souls in their efforts to gain but a fraction of its wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Do you live a worldly, God-forgotten life? If so, stop and consider: Can profit you can expect at the end of it.

Tuesday, Matthew 17: 1-13—"Jesus was Transfigured Before Them." The disciples accustomed to see the Master under ordinary human conditions working and caring for the sick and needy, looked upon Him merely as a Man. Now they are to learn that He is the Son of God. This wonderful truth taught them on the Mount of Transfiguration, they never forgot—it became the central fact of their spiritual life and service.

Wednesday, Matthew 17: 14-21—"If ye have Faith . . . Nothing shall be impossible unto you." Through faith in God, the Saints in all ages have accomplished the seemingly impossible. "The thing surpasses all thy thought." But faithful is my Lord. Through unbelief I stagger not. For God has given the word.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sea. And looks to that alone; Laughs at impossibilities. And cries, "It shall be done."

Thursday, Matthew 17: 22-27—"The Son of Man shall be Betrayed . . . and they shall Kill Him." The Saviour never hid the idea of suffering either in Himself or His followers. We cannot expect an easy path if we set out to follow in His footsteps. Perhaps this is why you have made a mistake. You have shrunk from, or resented the office of the Cross, instead of rejoicing that you were "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name!"

Friday, Matthew 18: 1-11—"The Son of Man is Come to Save that which was Lost." Here the Prince of Glory Himself explains the purpose of His coming to Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross. Love for the lost souls of men and desire to save them prompted Him to thus humble Himself.

"He did not come to judge the world. He did not come to condemn. It was to save His name. And when we call Him 'Saviour,' Then we call Him by His name."

Saturday, Matthew 23: 23-28—"Till Him His Fault Between These and Him Alone." This is no mean or easy task, but one who speaks of moral courage. Many who are others behind their backs dare to deal with them personally. Thank God if you have a friend who tells you your faults faithfully.

We talk about old-fashioned ideas and whims and tastes and ideas, but you never hear of old-fashioned pain, anguish, remorse.

They are the same yesterday and today, and they always follow the same causes.

Peace and joy never come always come from the same cause, regardless of time's little changes.



We do wish some folk would tell us all the good things they have heard and seen about the Crusade; but they won't and as we can't be in more than three places at once—there being only three of us—somebody gets the go-by. So there you aren't! . . .

But there's no doubt that the Crusade Spirit has taken hold of some of us; there are, we fear, some centres where it has not reached, but don't put it down to the "War Cry"; we've said enough about it. What a pity, what a pity, to pass up such opportunities and privileges.

In most unexpected places the Fire is burning, and the Notice Board at T.H.Q., with its constantly changing sets of telegrams and news items, has been a centre of triumphant interest. Every fresh hour or so, a new message, and then another glad rush to see and know the latest. And the smaller the Corps, and the harder the fight, the greater the jubilation.

There have been some great doings in Winnipeg. The noon-hour Open-Air Meetings on Portage have increased in interest every day. And souls at each Meeting; some of the Converts came forward at thrilling moments. Read the two following paragraphs.

Thursday—Ensign Ede had special topic. Large sign to which was attached blood-stained bag, sign announced, "This bag contains evidence of great tragedy, will be opened at 12.30." Great interest aroused. Contents of bag when disclosed were: (1) Thirty pieces of silver and purse. (2) Documentary evidence—Scripture reading concerning Trial read from roll. (3) Rope noose. Adjutant Acton and Ensign Ede did the talking on these between them, Adjutant Acton had noose around his neck. When appeal made, one woman with babe in arms stepped into centre of ring. Officer held babe while the woman got gloriously saved; she afterwards testified in the ring.

Friday—Divisional Commander dressed in eastern costume, left Headquarters at 12.15 carried on a stretcher by four Officers. Considerable curiosity and attention aroused, when arrived at Open-Air Meeting being in full swing, great crowd gathered. With stretcher left in the middle of ring the Scripture story, Mark 2, Palsied man, was read. The Divisional Commander then arose

MRS. BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR CONDUCTS WOMEN'S MEETING AT WINNIPEG CITADEL

The special Women's Night at the Citadel, conducted by Mrs. Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, was special in that we had eight seekers, and that five of them were men. One man confessed to being a smoker of 70 cigarettes per day; another man was a backslider of over 25 years' duration—an old N. & M. comrade, and one of the others was a woman drink slave. (A very good way to celebrate the proclamation of the Liquor Control Act.—Ed.).

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was with Mrs. Taylor, and between them one may be sure it was a bright prologue to the happy, happy ending.

The Citadel is still in the "torchlight"; last night—Tuesday—seventy-five on the parade. I tell you, old Rupert Street is still alive with Salvation glory.

Adjutant Acton is not slow in forming plans for our best-thing, nor are we backward in coming forward.—J.R.W.

Daily Bible
Meditations

Bible Meditations

Matthew 13:43—"On the mountain side, he sat down, and taught them." We read carefully, we study the Word, we seek for the meaning of the things which are written there. We are not content with a superficial knowledge of the Word, but we desire to know the mind of the Lord. We are not content with a superficial knowledge of the Word, but we desire to know the mind of the Lord.

Matthew 16:21-22—"What thinkest thou, Simon? Of the Jews, or of men?" The Lord is asking us a question. He is asking us if we are looking for the Kingdom of God on earth, or if we are looking for it in heaven. He is asking us if we are looking for it in the things of this world, or if we are looking for it in the things of the next world. He is asking us if we are looking for it in the things of the flesh, or if we are looking for it in the things of the spirit.

Matthew 17:14-17—"Thou wilt have mercy on these children, for they are vexed." The Lord is asking us a question. He is asking us if we are showing mercy to the children of the world. He is asking us if we are showing mercy to the children of the Church. He is asking us if we are showing mercy to the children of the Kingdom of God.

Matthew 17:22-27—"The Son of Man shall be betrayed." The Lord is asking us a question. He is asking us if we are willing to be betrayed for the sake of the Kingdom of God. He is asking us if we are willing to be betrayed for the sake of the Church. He is asking us if we are willing to be betrayed for the sake of the Kingdom of God.

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VICTORY WINNING ON THE FIELD

Being this week's Territorial Table Talk

Winnipeg, February 16th

We do wish some folk would tell us all the good things they have heard and seen about the Crusade; but they won't, and as we can't be in more than three places at once—there being only three of us—somebody gets the go-by. So there you aren't.

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from bed and told story of his healing, named and spoke of four bearers as representing: (1) Truth—revealer of need. (2) Mercy. (3) Repentance. (4) Faith. These being the things which brought him to Jesus. Appeal made, one man stepped into ring, definitely saved. Another man raised hand for prayer, and professed conversion on the sidewalk.

The Crusading Spirit has taken hold of all Departments; Staff-Captain Weeks spent last Sunday at Portage-la Prairie, and came home with a voice as hoarse as could be; ten Meetings for a weekend was his total. He reports the Crusade Fire as ablaze out there.

At the Scandinavian Corps in Winnipeg, where they have had a difficult time of late, things are on the upgrade, and last Sunday night's Meeting was really good in attendance and spirit. Ensign Houghton was with them for one event. Captain Haakenson and Lieutenant Erickson are plodding on with happy faces and glad messages. *Gud valsigna vora Shandiniska Kommerator; vi ar alla en Arme.*

An "Exchange of Platforms" added piquancy to the second Crusade Sunday in Winnipeg; new sermons, new songs, and new seekers were therewith in many places.

Now Staff-Captain Merritt has been supplying his Officers with Crusade High-lights, and has kindly sent us a copy of some of them. Here are a few items taken from those notes, which all show that the Province of Alberta is seeking the "Breaking of the day."

Captain Lesh of Edson reports Divine outpourings of the Spirit at the Half-night of Prayer. Although only a small number present, God came in all His fulness; strengthening, blessing and fitting these warriors of Christ for the Great Crusade in which they are now engaged. On Sunday night a girl who had been a backslider for some time, returned to the Fold.

Victories at Edmonton II—Adjutant Jones leading on. Six souls registered to date. The Lord is in the midst and is welcoming the sinners home. Hopes are high for the Crusade.

God is answering prayer at Macleod. Five souls coming to God in the week. The spirit of revival is increasing daily. To God be the glory.

Captain May of Camrose says times of rich blessing were experienced at the Half-night of Prayer. Much liberty was felt in approaching the Throne. A num-

ber of Christian women in the town have become fired with the spirit of the Crusade and are uniting their prayers with those of our comrades for a mighty victory in the town. God grant it shall be given.

Victory at Calgary III. Hallelujah! Captain Watt says the crowds are good. God is answering prayer. Six seekers on Tuesday night, another on Wednesday and they have great faith for others.

In the absence of the Brigadier at Brandon, Mrs. Carter has been assisting at some of the city Corps and reveling in the opportunity for service thus offered.

Brigadier Carter reports a "magnificent finish" to the Brandon Crusade—but he doesn't really mean it has finished, you know. The Cadets' final night resulted in a packed house, and a collection of \$40 towards the expenses of the Visit. Now that's real Brandonian.

Mrs. Captain Walker of Winnipeg Social has been in the Wars. During a recent Young People's Meeting an unruly boy took, what he thought was a running kick at the closed door, but unfortunately struck our comrade's ankle, and two weeks' severe trouble and recess from the fighting line have ensued.

We hear that the Monday morning weekly Officers' Meeting, which is such a blessing to the Winnipeg Officers, was a rousing time of Crusade Testimony on Monday morning last; Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele being in charge. The D.C. was away on Crusade work elsewhere.

At the Half Night of Prayer at High River, the comrades were encouraged by the thought that Lieutenant Johnsrude's mother, who lives in Saskatchewan, had also set apart this night for prayer for the Crusade. We believe God answers prayer.

Glory, glory, glory to be God for the Crusade. The West is indeed awake, and from the Lakes to the Coast we hear news of Salvation. The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich are in the firing line; so are the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller and all the rest of us. Don't let us cease the fight; we are now on the Young People's Campaign; go to it.



"Hark! the Gospel news is sounding."

MRS. BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR CONDUCTS WOMEN'S MEETING AT WINNIPEG CITADEL

The special Women's Night at the Citadel, conducted by Mrs. Brigadier Brumwell Taylor, was special in that we had eight seekers, and that five of them were men. One man confessed to being a smoker of 70 cigarettes per day; another man was a backslider of over 25 years' duration—an old N. & M. comrade, and one of the others was a woman drink slave. (A very good way to celebrate the proclamation of the Liquor Control Act—Ed.)

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was with Mrs. Taylor, and between them one may be sure it was a bright prologue to the happy, happy ending.

The Citadel is still in the "torch-light"; last night—Tuesday—seventy-five on the parade. I tell you, old Rupert Street is still alive with Salvation glory.

Adjutant Acton is not slow in forming plans for our bi-strict, nor are we backward in coming forward.—J.R.W.

BRIGADIER SMITH AT FORT FRANCES

Thirty-one Seekers for Ten Days

—Full Hall on Sunday

(By Wire)

Captain and Mrs. Bellamy. Victory still continues to crown our Crusade efforts at Fort Frances. The weekend Meetings led by Brigadier Smith closed the ten-day Campaign with a total of thirty-one surrenders; twenty adults and eleven Juniors.

Members of families prayed for un-saved relatives and prayer has in many instances been gloriously answered. The unconverted have been attracted by rousing Open-Airs and many have come to the Hall for the first time.

Every available seat was taken on Sunday night and we closed with the comrades rejoicing and reconsecrating themselves afresh for God and souls.—Geo. Smith, Brigadier.

CHRIST DIED FOR ME

Ah! me,
What do I see?
Three in One and One in Three,
And One of Them hath died for me.

A DUET HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT BIGGAR

Captain and Mrs. Blue—We rejoice over a good start for the Crusade here. The Thursday following the visit of Lt.-Colonel Sims a rousing Salvation Meeting was held, during which the invitation was given. An elderly man made his way to the Penitent-Form, and was soundly converted. During a recent illness he had been frequently visited by the Captain, and had made up his mind that God should have his all. So on this night he publicly surrendered, and the power of God broke the strength of the habits of a life-time.

During the Half-night of Prayer on Friday the Lord sent a backslider to the Hall. About 10.30 p.m. he came in, slightly intoxicated, but at 2.30 a.m. the Captain went home with him and he was completely sober, having returned to God. At one time he had been a Soldier, but the drink claimed him. Now he belongs to God once more. Hallelujah.

On Saturday afternoon the Soldiers rallied for an Open-Air Meeting in the business district, and at night bombarded the residential parts of the town.

RAINY RIVER

Hard Fighting Results in Victory

Capt. White & Lt. Henderson. Ensign Schwartz has returned from her adventures at Rainy River, where she and her valiant band of Cadets have been at close quarters with the enemy. The first Meeting was certainly dispiriting—one adult and eleven children; but as the days went by, the audiences became larger and larger until the seating capacity of the building was fully taxed.

Visitation has been splendid; every house in the town offering a ready reception. Open-Air Meetings have been energetic, one can easily imagine that with a valiant force of Cadets on hand. And after all, to the great rejoicing of the local Officers, a total of ten seekers have been registered. Keep believing, comrades, the enemy is giving way, and we shall soon have abundant cause to rejoice over even greater victories.

The slavery of nations is as degrading as the slavery of individuals.

No man can worship purer or holier or higher or nobler than his thinking.

Crusa

Salvation Scenes in China

For one of the newspapers, related that the meeting had made an indelible impression on her personally, and said: "I am a widow and my only child is in the hands of a guardian, but I must confess I have not given sufficient consideration to the question of my future. I had hoped to have much to do the danger ahead of me, and resolved to bring my daughter under Christian influences."

Top, right:
Women and
their little
ones who have
been given
food and
shelter by
The Army.
Bottom: An
Army
Porridge
Kitchen.

Top, right:
Women and
their little
ones who have
been given
food and
shelter by
The Army.
Bottom: An
Army
Porridge
Kitchen.

Dark Entangled Forests where Lurk Tigers, Snakes
and other Living Things :

"The bridges are made of wooden piles, with ties thrown across, the width of the motor. The country at places is dark enchanted forest land, and there are tigers, snakes and other living things, including the famous battlefields, which come at one like an army of aeroplanes. They suck one's blood and leave a scar. The men and foresters we saw had guns to protect themselves against wild animals." We arrived at the terminus of the railway and came to the small light rails, which lead to Mabogany Camp, and on which the great logs were brought to the main line.

Crossed Seventy-five Bridges
 "We had to walk a mile over this little railway track, in order to climb over the mountains; it is the most thrilling walk I have ever had. We crossed seventy-five bridges, consisting of huge logs of wood, thrown over the rivers and ravines, and we had to step warily from tie to tie. We grew so giddy that Field Major Martin and I myself had to crawl over

ties were too wide apart for us to take steps with confidence.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of the journey was the aerial tramway, which is composed of steel wires running overhead, far over the mountains and spanning a huge precipice. This is to overcome the physical difficulty of transfer from the engine to the railway track. Our journey back to Camp was thrilling. We stood on one of the small tracks in front of the logs, and the little engine pulled us along the narrow railway tracks, over rivers and chasms. At times as we looked down we could see nothing but gaping depths. We came down to the foot of the mountain and the engine had finished its task.

"A square 'box' was lowered in which Field-Major Martin and myself had to sit on two kerosene tins. Then up we went like a rocket! When we reached beyond the mountain top, we began to glide down again. While we did so the trees looked like small plants right down in the depths. We saw the river and heard it roar as it tumbled over huge boulders. Once or twice we had a thrill as we hung by the slender ropes, as when the trolley slipped over a switch. We slipped along over the mountain, however, until we came to the camp from whence

"The experience was never to be forgotten, but we were thankful that the journey was so short. We had talks with the men about their homes and work. These camps are very lonely places, and the men are away for months together. The Salvation Army is not unknown to some of these men, for whom we are hoping to cater more and more in the

Hot strong coffee distributed from the tailboard of the Salt Army's truck transforms drunken men from noisy to silent. The bus mentioned in the movie is by the owner of a Shanghai garage, assist The Army's work among the men. One day in a local paper, was broadcast announcing the breakdown of "Hailhuzhen Lize" car used to run along the lines with posts were marked. When a few of the publication of the paper, car arrived for Salvator. "Nightly," says our correspondent, "men, British and American and almost incapable 'roll along to the for coffee, I hear the consensus they Many find it necessary to lean on the 'bus,' and yet the drink of it quickly takes its effect. They become changed men, standing straight, talking sense."

One night a British sailor the for the partook of two cups of beer. After leaving us he was arrested by military police for being drunk. He brought before the Medical Officer, he came into the presence of the his he came up suitably to the salute without a sign of undrinkiness. "What did I have to drink?" queried the Medical Officer. "I had two cups of coffee at Salvator Army's tent," was the reply. "Medical Officer," said he, "I'll let him with 'not guilty.' We hope he'll be a lesson to him."

The International aspect of the Army's activities impresses visitors to our various centres. This is especially so in India, where, at Nagpur recently, a distinguished personage called and remarked upon the part mentioned. No wonder, for at this one centre the visitor spoke of Missionary Officers from England, Scotland, the United States, Norway, Sweden, Canada and New Zealand besides devoted Ceylonese, Tamil, Malayalam comrades.

Parisian newspapers have recently been full of the doings of the Army, which recently included a midnight feast of eight hundred homeless- and was touched in the extreme. The huge dining hall in the Palais de la Femme was full of flowing, and the men and women were given as much food as they desired. Children's Fete in the Place Paris. The Circus was unique. I was a sight to see nearly a thousand children gathered under the listening in breathless interest while the story of Jesus was untold to them.

Lieutenant Stanley :
Lieut. Colonel and M
after long and faithful
America, have retired
vice, has been accepted
in Cuba, where The
Corps and the beginn
under Brigadier Jose
Headquarters, until re
is now at Havana, to

The Imperial House of Japan has given the Army one of the buildings in connection with the late Emperor. The building is valued at about 6,000 yen and will suit the purpose.

BOTH the Chief Secretary and Miller have been intent on Cruikshank's adventure since our last report; but the office and full Meetings have been the programme, and we like to know that their labors have not been in vain.

Weston—
Continuing his activities the secretary was at Weston on Wednesday night. Mrs. Miller again taking

Ensign and Mrs. Ede, St. J.

The torch-light procession had entered the village¹ and still further south interest. A crowded house was there and those who know Weston well understand that a hearty time was in store. The Chief Secretary describes the scene as intelligently interested and entertaining. A salvo of testimonies set things afire. Design Biro and Captain G. J. were to the fore with duets and songs also gladsome testimonies. Misses John Smith was also a very successful visitor. Then Colonel and Mrs. M. gave us of their best and made it evident that the Crusade spirit lay below within them. Seven souls were present at Meeting—seven, but

Across the Red River at Norwood—
Thursday night the Colonel
Crusading partner were busy on
we hear that it was 11.45 p.m. b
Meeting finally closed.

Ensign and Mrs. Joyce are aloft the banner and doing the to inculcate the spirit of the Crusade in their soldiery. The messages

Lt-Colonel Dickerson and Stewart concluded their Crusade at Medicine Hat, where they had a wonderful time. The visit was scheduled to conclude at the station after 10 p.m. Tuesday. On the platform several choruses were sung, after which the Colonel gave appropriate talk to comrades gathered around.

Early next morning the Adjutant were met at the station by Adjutant N. J. Watson and were happy to see visitors. The work of the Institute was carefully considered and inspected by present 37 old men and ladies in the Home. All appeared comfortable and quite happy. The Adjutant, as being very grateful to The Army for attention to them in their old age, in the evening a very pleasant service was held and the singing was very good. The League proved to be an interesting little ceremony. Prayer-Meeting one old gentleman decided for Christ.

Leaving Gleichen at 3 p.m. the Adjutant and his wife went on to the station where they were met by Watson and escorted to the People's Home. They were received by Adjutant and

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea"

Sunday, the Colonel was at the Hostel in the evening, and had a very wonderful Meeting. God came very near. The comrades were full of expectation and were not disappointed, for at the conclusion of the first service, about seventeen adults volunteered for Salvation and Sanctification. The Colonel was assisted by Mrs. Dickinson, Brigadier and Mrs. Cummins, Major Habskir and others.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth
London, England

International Headquarters
Bramwell Booth

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Jor.

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General Order

March 3rd, 4th and 5th will be
observed throughout the Territory
as the "Young People's Annual"
and Prize-Giving Weekend. Com-
manding Officers and Y.P. Sergt-
Majors please note.

Official Gazette

(By authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

Major Mary Whittaker, M.D., Medi-
cal Superintendent Grace Hospital,
Winnipeg, to be Brigadier.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

Little Foes and Faults

I WAS searching one day last week
for some examples of the evil
wrought by little foes and faults, and
knowing where to look, I found a
few. I was not altogether unimpaired
of the fact that we are now in the
midst of the Young People's Crusade,
and that some illustrations might be
useful for me, and for others who
will be speaking to the young folk
during these days.

Death by the "Littles"

First came the story of the hunter
who thought he had killed a tiger and
approached the beast to examine its
skin, only to discover that it was not
yet dead. With a roar it sprang up,
seizing the hunter by the knee and
crushing the bone before it fell back
dead. It was impossible for the man
to walk, and in considerable agony he
lay upon the ground, waiting for the
help he knew would eventually come
in reply to his shoutings. After a
few hours, however, he forgot the
tiger and his broken bones in his tre-
mendous struggle with thousands of
little ants, which covered him and
seemed to bore into every nerve as
with hot awls; and but for the ar-
rival of timely help he would soon
have been killed. Which story is a
parable, and is full of admonition for
those with understanding.

Nearly Lost by—Losing

Now the other story was of a Lon-
don workman who was employed,
many years ago, in the making of a
lifeboat. Before the boat was finished
he lost his hammer, and probably
never knew that it was nailed up in
the bottom of the boat. Perhaps,
even had he known, he would have
thought the only harm done was the
loss of a hammer, but the boat was
put into service, and every time it
moved on the waves the hammer
rolled from side to side. Little by
little it wore for itself a track, until
it had worn through the planking of
the boat down to its copper sheathing
before it was discovered. Only that
sheet of copper kept out the sea, a
little thing at the start, but what
mischievous it might have caused but
for the righting in time of the harm
it had done! And the moral of that
story? What but that of the need for
the offering of the prayer: "Cleanse
Thou me from secret faults?"

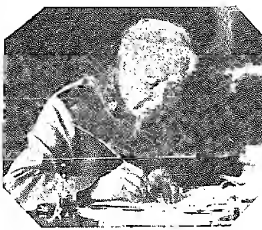
VERNON

(By Wire)

Captain Buckley and Lieut. Mack.
It is the breaking of the day. Four seekers
Sunday night at memorial of Corps
Sergeant-Major. Whole town stirred
through his death.—N.B.

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)



Missionary Session Benefits—Protest against Postmark Advertising— Old and New Testaments Wonderfully One— Whom Shall We Send?

Monday, August 23rd, 1926—Yester-
day, morning and afternoon at our
Sunbury Institute—the closing-up of
Missionary Session. About forty other
Officers attending for the day. We had
some freedom, and I felt that a happy
impression was made. Some of the younger
men and women especially have evidently
been blessed. Jordan (Colonel in charge)
speaks well of the work done.

Between times, saw Wilfred Kitching
(Staff-Captain), now to be Assistant
National Band Secretary for the U.K.
Gave him some advice. He rings true.
A personal pleasure to have with me
Hos (Lieut., Commissioner, Retiring) and
Bullard (Commissioner, Retired) and his
wife.

Home early, and dictated to Morgan
for an hour or so; then to work for "Staff
Review." This is an important under-
taking, but rather exacting.—Bernard re-
ported better, though much weakened by
fever.

Among the Officers whom I met today
are some going to India, Korea, Burma,
the Dutch Indies, China, and South
Africa—a notable company, especially if
others returning from furlough be taken
into account. A sense of romance, of
poetry, of sweetest devotion hovered
near us all day. The world whirling on in
its mad pursuit of all that belongs to
selfishness—and here in another scene
they—

Amid earth's hard, bare strife
Seem gathered round our altar, and to
Christ

They offer love for Love and life for Life!

Today, Saw Bees, he does not wish to go
away, and yet he ought to do so. Left F.

with him. Cables re Estill; dangerous
relapse; operation today very grave. I feel
sad at heart.

Allister Smith: will return to South
Africa in charge for six months. He is a
fine spirit. Bedford (Colonel), and money.

What a perplexity—an ever-recurring
perplexity—money, or the want of it, is!

Thursday, 26th.—With F. to Mr.
Hampton's, sculptor. Beautiful bust of
the Founder, who gave Mr. M. some sit-

tings. A fine study, and in some aspects
very like. It is in marble. Am disposed
to take it and present it to Scotland,
where we have nothing of this kind.

Friday, 27th.—Chief, and a very long
list of important affairs. Many decisions,
including International Young People's
Staff Council next March.

Not a little perplexed over proposed
Bill to Regulate Religions in Japan.
Some of its clauses seem calculated to
seriously hamper and restrict our work
there. Care and wisdom required here!
No doubt the desire for the legisla-
tion arises out of the wish of the Japanese
to avoid the interference of other Eastern
peoples in their internal affairs.

Saturday, 28th.—At work on Hand-
book of Doctrine at 9.30. I.H.Q. at 11.30.
Letter from the Editor of "The Times."
I wrote him a few days ago with refer-
ence to the General Post Office proposal
to put ads. on the postmarks. He did
not print my letter, which was as follows:

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir,—As General of The Salvation Army,
I am rather a good customer of the Post
Office. Considerable numbers of letters,
and still larger numbers of circulars, etc.,
relating to the affairs of The Salvation
Army are circulated day by day through
the post. They are addressed to persons
in all climes or societies, and not a few of
them to those who have helped or are seek-
ing to help in sorrow, or temptation, or
misfortune. My name is well-known as
associated with causes closely related to
religion and temperance. Is it surprising
that in these circumstances, I should feel
no little chagrin at finding the covers of
my letters, etc., liable to be stamped with
such words as "Buy Booth's Gin,"
"Booth's Gin is Best"? I may be pleased
to think that if there be such a thing as
good or better or best among gins that
that of my pamphlets should be considered
the best! But I am not pleased that my
stationery and postage should be used to
publish the tidings to my correspondents,
or to invite them to use what I and my
friends believe to be a fruitful source of
misery, vice, and crime.

Will not "The Times" help to bring the
Postmaster-General to some reasonable
sense of decency in this matter?

Now the Editor writes to tell me that
he has pocketed my argument and used
it in his leading article, and asks pardon.
Granted!



The extent of the victory gained by the tremendous Salvation Siege in
Great Britain is shown by the remarkable fact that no less than 13,000 new
Soldiers have been enrolled. The photograph shows the General conducting
an enrolment of 500 new comrades at "The Ring," Blackfriars Rd., London.

Sunday, 29th.—So far as work goes, a
luckless day. Strove hard with propo-
sition for Boardman's Council, but some-
how very depressed. Walked an hour
with Cliffe (Staff-Captain, Wyke Booth);
he tried to cheer me up. Most anxious
about Estill.

Reading—Juke's "The Four Gos-
pels." How closely the New Testament
illustrates and enforces the thoughts of
the Old! The Lord is merciful and
gracious. And thus, the Old Testament
Moses described Him, the greatest name of Old Testament times,
writes of Him in tenderness and trust:
"The Husbandman—the vine-dresser—the
Shepherd—the Father—the Friend—the
Band—the God of infinite compassion,
steadfast and forgiving—a brother."

How wonderfully all this, and indeed
much more—especially the Songs of
David—charged with the same spirit—
anticipates, enlarges, illuminates the
teaching and works of Jesus and the very
spirit—the path—the narrow—the
Gospels! So we see that the word of the
Lord is one.

Tuesday, 31st.—Lumbago better—ap-
ply a slight attack.

9.30, with F. and C. to I.H.Q. Among
my letters, Oliphant's (Commissioner)
and Mosley's (Commissioner, Mrs. Hedges),
and among the cables latest re Estill—
slightly improving.

Chief, and then many interviews.
Allister Smith, with Simpson (Commis-
sioner), on South Africa. What a hell!
What an open door! Oh, for men—men
and money! Especially Mrs. Hedges
cries out, "When shall we see thee?"

Kitching (Commissioner); much on
hand. Short talk of dear old Jomah
Grubb, who, although an out-and-out
Quaker, was nearly a Salvationist—
Mokkebus (Colonel, Norway) and his
present assistant, Ewens (Lieut.-Com-
missioner) and Mrs. Ewens, returning to
Calcutta before I go away. Am pleased
with both. Lord Lytton has not yet
fulfilled his promise to me to help with
the Criminal Tribes in Bengal. But he
will.

Gere (Lieut.-Colonel) and wife, the
Bosworth. The position of women in India
is a subject of acute anxiety. We are
doing our very utmost to bring them out
of the dark shadows in which they live
and move.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Another
crowded day. Many interviews; others
from Java and Japan.
World Councils. Some important
questions. Can we reduce the time of
service for Officers in the Far East? The
strain upon them is very great. An
important proposal from the Method-
ists with regard to working Northern
Rhodesia.

(To be continued next week)

A Continental Warfare

"Down East" and "Over the Line" in
Fire for God

IT is glorious to know that all over
the North American Continent there
is proceeding a great Salvation Battle
against the forces of evil—a special
Campaign for Christ and His King-
dom. Our comrades "Over the Line"
are in the thick of a struggle which is
termed "The Do Your Best" Cam-
paign.

The Commander has given a mag-
nificent lead to her troops, and the
various Territorial Commissioners
are also in the van of their forces.
It would indeed be an interesting cal-
culation to discover the number of
seekers reported at the entire com-
bustion, but we remember that many
and many a victory goes unreported,
except as recorded in the Book of His
Remembrance.

And "Down East," and
atly call it, then is
paige a going: "The
Better." It is going, to
"Cry" is inspiring read-
We have noted Lt.
Maxwell's great week-
I, the forty-third anni-
historic Corps. Then
which binds Canada ex-
Army internationalism
strengthened by the
ary Service of five East-
And so we go on.
Christ?" "America for
World for Christ"—a
which makes and keeps

With Our C

Commissioner Rich in Re Open-Air Preach Soul-

THE Commissioner has been no slacker
in the matter of the Crusade; he has
thrown himself, soul and body, into the
effort, and those who have been in his
company during recent days have not had
to complain of many idle moments.

NORTHSIDE'S SHARE

Following the strenuous and triumphant
weekend at Brandon which we reported
last week, and which has been so gloriously
continued by Brigadier Carter and his
Cadets, our Leader sallied forth on
Regina on Tuesday evening last. A
flaming musical reception awaited him at
the depot, and he seized the opportunity
of addressing the great crowd which had
assembled on the station plaza. The
band struck up, and we were off to North-
side Citadel, where soon a burning-hot
Meeting was in progress.

Our good comrade, Brother O. D. Hill,
M.L.A., from Melfort was with us, and
gave a rousing testimony; and had as his
happy supporters two other members of
the Provincial Legislature.

From start to finish the time seemed to
slip away on a wave of enthusiasm; song
and testimony, prayer and exhortation,
and at the end two souls seeking God.

MOOSE JAW'S PARTICIPATION

From this thrilling introduction to the
glories of the weekend, about which we
will have something to say later on, the
Commissioner journeyed over to Moose
Jaw, that enterprising sister-city wherein
The Army has such a hearty appreciation,
and is so happily situated, both in the
placing of its buildings, and in the esteem
of the citizens.

This latter fact was well shown in the
reception, personal and official, which
His Worship Mayor Dunn extended to
our Leader on his arrival. Nothing formal
about it, of course, but comradely and
heartily, just the usual Moose Jaw spirit—
a walk and a talk.

A goodly crowd gathered for the even-
ing Meeting of Wednesday; Brigadier
Allen and Adjutant Merritt in their
respective *qui vive* attitudes. The Com-
missioner was soon up to the hilt in the
engagement, and with heart and voice
encouraged all present in the special
things of God and the particular things
of the Campaign. The fact that this
Meeting had been preceded by a Sol-
diers' Tea and Table Talk gave it a
specially hearty character.

The programme for Thursday included
a broadcasting engagement at noon for
both the Commissioner and Adjutant
Mundy; we wish we could have been
"on the air," but unfortunately we were
not told, or we could have enjoyed the
blessings which came therefrom, and
about which we have received some
special incidents, which our regular
correspondent has promised for another
issue.

Thursday also claimed attention for
the afternoon gathering, when we were
pleased to see a very happy company,
made all the more comfortable by the
smiles of the special Crusader—Brigadier
Allen.

The night Meeting, which was to be
the last of the Moose Jaw series, showed
that the fire was burning, and if the Com-
missioner had been able to extend his
visit, we should have rejoiced his heart
with a real outbreak; as it was we were
glad together over five seekers, and we
believe for more to follow.

It is needless to say that the genial
presence of Adjutant Tom Mundy, ever-
ready supporter of his T.C., added to
the enjoyment of the visit; his solos were
refreshing and inspiring. The Commis-
sioner's addresses moved many hearts,
so our local correspondent tells us, and
we feel sure that the Crusade received a
splendid impetus.

News for the weekend tells of
eleven seekers; praise His Name.

STREET PREACHING IN REGINA

Following on these excellent days at
Moose Jaw, the Commissioner returned
to the Queen City on Friday at noon, and
once more was in the vortex of the Cam-

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With Our Crusading Commissioner

Commissioner Rich in Regina and Moose Jaw—Depot and Mayoral Receptions Open-Air Preaching—Lecturing—Inspecting—Reconnoitering— Soul-Saving—and Giving Glory to God

THE Commissioner has been no slacker in the matter of the Crusade; he has thrown himself, soul and body, into the effort, and those who have been in his company during recent days have not had to complain of many idle moments.

NORTHSIDE'S SHARE

Following the strenuous and triumphant weekend at Brandon which we reported last week, and which has been so gloriously continued by Brigadier Carter and his Cadets, our Leader sallied forth on Regina on Tuesday evening last. A flaring musical reception awaited him at the depot, and he seized the opportunity of addressing the great crowd which had assembled on the station plaza. The band struck up, and we were off to Northside Citadel, where soon a burning-hot Meeting was in progress.

Our good comrade, Brother O. D. Hill, M.L.A., from Melfort was with us, and gave a rousing testimony; and had as his happy supporters two other members of the Provincial Legislature.

From start to finish the time seemed to slip away on a wave of enthusiasm; song and testimony, prayer and exhortation, and at the end two souls seeking God.

MOOSE JAW'S PARTICIPATION

From this thrilling introduction to the glories of the weekend, about which we will have something to say later on, the Commissioner journeyed over to Moose Jaw; that enterprising sister-city wherein the Army has such a hearty appreciation, and is so happily situated, both in the placing of its buildings, and in the esteem of the citizens.

This latter fact was well shown in the reception, personal and official, which His Worship Mayor Dunn extended to our Leader on his arrival. Nothing formal about it, of course, but comradely and hearty, just the usual Moose Jaw spirit—a walk and a talk.

A goodly crowd gathered for the evening Meeting of Wednesday; Brigadier Allen and Adjutant Merritt in their respective *qui vive* attitudes. The Commissioner was soon up to the hilt in the engagement, and with heart and voice encouraged all present in the special things of God and the particular things of the Campaign. The fact that this Meeting had been preceded by a Soldiers' Tea and Table Talk gave it a specially hearty character.

The programme for Thursday included a broadcasting engagement at noon for both the Commissioner and Adjutant Mundy; we wish we could have been "on the air," but unfortunately we were not told, or we could have enjoyed the blessings which came therefrom, and about which we have received some special incidents, which our regular correspondent has promised for another issue.

Thursday also claimed attention for the afternoon gathering, when we were pleased to see a very happy company, made all the more comfortable by the smiles of the special Crusader—Brigadier Allen.

The night Meeting, which was to be the last of the Moose Jaw series, showed that the fire was burning, and if the Commissioner had been able to extend his visit, we should have rejoiced his heart with a real outbreak; as it was we were glad together over five seekers, and we believe for more to follow.

It is needless to say that the genial presence of Adjutant Tom Mundy, ever-jubilant supporter of his T.C., added to the enjoyment of the visit; his talks were refreshing and inspiring. The Commissioner's addresses moved many hearts, so our local correspondent tells us, and we feel sure that the Crusade received a splendid impetus.

Later news for the weekend tells of eleven seekers; praise His Name.

STREET PREACHING IN REGINA

Following on these excellent days at Moose Jaw, the Commissioner returned to the Queen City on Friday at noon, and once more was in the vortex of the Cam-

paign. The first was an Open-Air engagement outside the City Hall. Crusading comrades were out in force with banners and street signs. A motor truck, laden with a piano and other musical instruments, not to say instrumentalists, was part of the equipment, and from this vantage point the Commissioner delivered a telling address to the eager crowd of mid-day lunch folk. Just the opportunity which would stir the heart of our Crusader-in-Chief.

Adjutants Tom and George Mundy contributed their pleasant quota to this attraction, and it certainly was a successful and soul-winning venture. (God has been signally good to us in the way of weather during these special days).

AT THE COLLEGIATE

From this attack the Commissioner led the way to the Central Collegiate, where the genial Principal—Mr. Dodan, with two of the Collegiate Board, Messrs. J. Balfour and McEwen—received him, and presented him to a splendid audience of four hundred young men and women.

An inspiring crowd, and in his own ready fashion, the Commissioner was soon on intimate terms with his audience. His

Army, there's a War on," was our battle-cry, and we made it ring around those business and hotel centres.

Then, the Saturday night Meeting—still with the same inspiring war-song, followed by that old-time refresher—"Come, ye that love the Lord," and so on again, with songs, testimonies, and spiritual feasting the Meeting sped by. Captains Renas, Partridge and Murdie—young saints these—helped us with their words; Adjutant T. Mundy gave us of his chorus repertoire, followed by the Commissioner's address, and again seekers at the Penitent-Form.

THE START OF SUNDAY

Sunday started with an old-fashioned Kneedril—not yet out of date in Regina—and that was just the stepping-stone for a glory-of-glories Day. God did not fail in the promise He gave to our praying comrades.

Sunday morning Meeting was indeed a wonderful time. One does not want to be too free with their adjectives, for once started, it is difficult to know where to draw the line—but it was a wonderful day. Brigadier Park was with us, and she

just in the mood to hear our Commissioner tell of the mighty, yet human, victories we are winning out in these Western lands. Those who have been privileged to hear this lecture, will not wonder that our Leader does not tire of his story, but rather adds to it fresh tales of adventure for God, until it becomes a veritable triumph-song.

Mr. Barr, another splendid friend and auxiliary of ours, and Mr. J. J. McRae moved and seconded the votes of thanks, and right well they acquitted themselves in so doing. Again we were reminded of our high responsibilities. A splendid Meeting, representative of all that is best in the civic and provincial life of our city.

THE NIGHT ENGAGEMENT

And what of the Night Gathering? We remind ourselves that time and space are rapidly filling up, but a real gorgeous Battle for Souls. Fighting in its character, yet so mellow in its moods; so appealing in its messages—whether song, Scripture, prayer, or spoken word. The choice of congregational songs was masterly; the duets by the Adjutants G. and T. Mundy soulfully musical, as would be expected—and so we came step by step to the central part of the Meeting.

The Songsters were with us in their believing singing; the Band touched numbers of souls with the choice forcefulness of "An Appeal," all creating a mood which must have been helpful to the Commissioner.

Once again the "Word was with power," and we do not set down anything which is exaggerated when we say that the Commissioner swayed our emotions, and stirred us to our spiritual depths. That old-time story. How often we have heard it. How often it has stirred our souls. How often we have seen its characters enact that spiritual drama. But we saw it all afresh on Sunday night—and others saw it too, and felt its working within their own sin-bound hearts, and more chains were broken, more fetters snapped, until we shouted our Hallelujahs over eleven more surrenders, a total of twenty-six (26) for the Regina Campaign Days.

The Commissioner did not cease his efforts with his sermon, but carried on into the Prayer-Meeting, an event in which he was afterwards assisted by Staff-Captain Tutte and Adjutant T. Mundy; so that one can imagine the wind-up bubbled over with Salvation exuberance.

HOW WE SPENT MONDAY

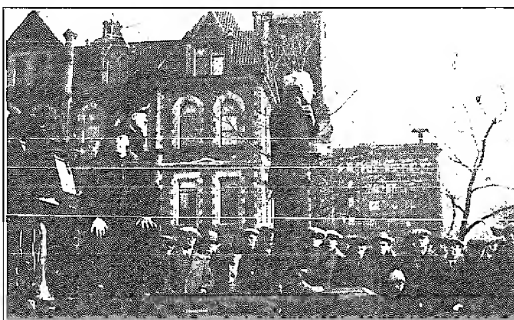
Monday; well, what of Monday? As we used to sing in the good old days:

"The War must go on
Till the world is possessed;
The Salvation Army
Jehovah has blessed."

So it is small wonder that the Commissioner and his people had another full day. An interview with the Premier of the Province, Hon. James Gardiner, a conversation fraught with much importance; lengthy talks with Mr. Barr, our Provincial legal adviser; another hospital visitation and so the hours, were filled.

A luncheon hour gathering with the members of the Rotary Club was an event. The Rotarians are not wanting in good works, gastronomic or social, and not only was the Commissioner a heartily welcomed guest, but he had before him a sympathetic audience—zealous in good works for the public weal. Iron sharpened iron on this occasion, and we are sure that good will be the outcome.

We are nearly at the end of our tale. On Monday afternoon an Officers' Meeting; one of those intimate opportunities in which the Commissioner shows us his fraternal and paternal leadership, and then off for a snack and further words of business with the D.C. and others—and so away to the train. Not a bad episode of Crusade—special or usual, is it?—*E pluribus unum*



The Commissioner addressing the crowd at Regina from a motor truck. Note the piano—and the pianist!

thought-provoking address, for such an intelligent crowd, could not but be effective in spiritually eternal matters.

From there to a gathering equally important—two hundred eager children in the Citadel, where he had rapt attention, and of course a hearty reception.

All this of course a splendid incentive to the Commissioner and his entourage for the inspiring Soldiers Meeting in the Citadel at night—Friday. Bright, responsive, Salvationistic, and ready for the fight. It was a Meeting of spiritual power, and several were forward for consecration.

FILLING IN THE HOURS

Sick visitations, inspections, reconnoitering, and twenty other duties—or more—filled up those hours when Meetings were not in progress; but they are all part of the Constant Crusade, and so may be omitted from this special report. Those who know anything of the life of a Territorial Commander, or who take the trouble to think, will know that the Commissioner does not spend all his time leading Meetings—far from it.

Let us stay here, however, to say that his call on our gallant Comrade Middleton, of Indian Head, who still lies in Regina General Hospital, was a mutual inspiration. Brother Middleton has a grand testimony, and all who know him will pray that grace may constantly be given him and his.

THE BATTLES OF SATURDAY

But Saturday evening brought us to the Local Officers' Special Council, with its comradely and inspiring tea-table chat, and thence out to the streets again. Torches, Bands, banners, signs, and glory all the way. "Call out The

gave a comradely touch to our gathering, especially when we saw the Commissioner. The telegram of greeting from Winnipeg, telling of victories there, was an inspiration.

With the Commissioner's address fresh inspiration took hold of the Meeting; many hearts were under deep conviction of the Spirit, and before the close of the session we had the joy of seeing five coming forward to "sanctify themselves."

MONSTER MEETING IN THE METROPOLITAN

A splendid gathering of Army friends and Soldiers and others gathered to greet us in the Metropolitan Theatre for the afternoon lecture, "Winning in the West." The opening song, in its united fervor, had shown us that we were in for a good time, and Brigadier Park's prayer further supported our faith.

Our chairman was that splendid friend of all good causes, but special friend of The Army, the Hon. S. J. Latta. Not only did those qualifications support him on this occasion, but his geniality, and oratorical gifts also had full play. In his remarks from the Chair he took us back to the opening days of The Army in Canada, in London, Ont. Eloquently he spoke of the simplicity and universality of our message:

"They are the best of salesmen; they do not wait for you to go to their store, but bring their goods to where you are. They promise deliverance from sin and a change of heart, and they make good their promise. They stand by the essentials of true religion."

When one hears such expressions as these, they kindle one's heart and mind to renewed Army service, and we were

Sunday, 29th.—So far as work goes, luckless day. Strove hard with preparation for Bandmasters' Council, but was how very depressed. Walked an hour with Cliffe (Staff-Captain Wolfe) but he tried to cheer me up. Most anxious about Estill.

Reading—Juke's of "The Four Gospels." How closely the New Testament illustrates and enforces the thoughts of the Old! The Lord is the Lord God, the gracious. And thus, the greatest name of Old Testament times, the Husbandman—the vine-dresser—the Shepherd—the Bridegroom—the His band—the God of infinite compassion—steadfast and forgiving—a brother.

How wonderfully all this, and indeed much more—especially, the Songs of David—charged with the same spirit—reaching and enlarging, illuminates the reaching and working of Jesus and the way spirit—the pith and marrow of the Gospels! So we see that the word of the Lord is one.

Tuesday, 31st.—Lumbago better—slightly a slight attack. 9.30, with F. and C. to I.H.Q. Among my letters, Cliffe's (Commissioner) and Lucy's (Commissioner) Mrs. Hallett, and among the cables latest re Estill—slightly improving.

Chief, and then many interviews. Allister Smith, with Simpson (Commissioner), on South Africa. What a field for open door! Oh, for men—men and money, but especially men! My heart cries out, "Whom shall we send?" Kitching (Commissioner), much in hand. Short talk of dear old Jonathan Grubb, who, although an out-and-out Quaker, was nearly a Salvationist. Molebust (Colonel, Norway) and his present anxieties. Evans (Lieut.-Commissioner) and Mrs. Evans, returning to Calcutta before I go away. An appeal with both. Lord Lytton has not yet fulfilled his promise to me to help with the Criminal Tribes in Bengal. But it will.

Gore (Lieut.-Colonel) and wife, from Bombay. The position of women in India is a subject of acute anxiety. We are doing our very utmost to bring them out of the dark shadows in which they lie and move.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Another crowded day. Many interviews; Office from Java and Japan.

World Councils. Some important questions. Can we reduce the time of service for Officers in the Far East? The strain upon them is very great. An important proposal from the Methodist with regard to working Northern Rhodesia.

(To be continued next week)

A Continental Warfare

"Down East" and "Over the Line" as Fire for God

IT is glorious to know that all over the North American Continent there is proceeding a great Salvation Battle against the forces of evil—a special Campaign for Christ and His Kingdom. Our comrades "Over the Line" are in the thick of a struggle which is termed "The Do Your Best" Campaign.

The Commander has given a magnificent lead to her troops, and the various Territorial Commissioners are also in the van of their forces. It would indeed be an interesting calculation to discover the number of seekers reported at the Army-Seat in any one week over the entire continent, but we remember that many and many a victory goes unreported, except as recorded in the Book of His Remembrance.

And "Down East," as affectionately call it, there is other Campaign a-going; "The Greater and Better." It is going, too, these days. We have noted Lt. Commissioner Maxwell's great week-end at Montreal, the forty-third anniversary of the historic Corns. Then a world-link which binds Canada ever closer in its Army internationalism, strengthened by the Military Service of five Eastern Officers.

And so we go on, "America for Christ," "America for the World for Christ"—a trial "Cry" which makes and keeps

Eight Seekers at Lloydminster

Eleven Children Deeds

Captain Enrie and Lieut. Townson The Salvation Crusade is in full swing here, and we are in for victory. The first Sunday of the campaign was a soul-stirring day for us all, and at the close of the Salvation Meeting one seeker was registered. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the following week we had Captain and Mrs. Chapman, Captain Flannigan and Captain Smith and Lieut. Walker as "specials." Rousing Open-Air Meetings were held, and the people invited to the Meetings in the Hall, which were of special interest; many strangers came. Here again we proved the presence and power of God, for at the close of the week eight seekers had been registered. We have indeed something for which to praise God.

The previous Sunday eleven children sought God in the Company Meeting, and many of them, by their testimonies, spoke convincingly of the power of God to save them.—Interested.

Kenora

Captain and Mrs. Whitfield. We had wonderful times last Sunday. God was near us all day, but especially so at night, when one soul sought Christ. Monday night we had a Cottage Meeting in the home of Sister Mrs. Louett. Tuesday night the Captain gave an inspiring message in the public Meeting. Wednesday night the home of Sister Mrs. Hinton was thrown open for a Cottage Meeting, which was one of blessing, at which we rejoiced over two seekers for sanctification. Thursday night Brother Kimberley was the speaker, his address being a great blessing. Friday night a Meeting was held at the home of Sister Connelly, and Denborn, and we rejoiced over two seekers there. These Meetings have all been well attended, and we are all determined to hold on. We thank God for our Officers. They are live wires, and we are sure God is going to bless their efforts here in Kenora.—C.C.

Battling for God at The Pas

Captain Tucker and Lieut. Mills—The Pas Corps is right in line for the Salvation Crusade. The Half-night of Prayer with which we commenced our special activities was a blessed time in which God came very near to us. The next evening a record crowd gathered for a Cottage Meeting, right through which we felt the Spirit of God working. Before we closed we had the joy of pointing one soul to the Lamb of God. Another comrade left the Meeting under deep conviction and we are praying for her.

Thursday we had a "Sealed Orders" Meeting in which a number of Soldiers and Recruits took part. This was a practical demonstration of the joy of true religion. God is indeed in our midst. Recently several people have been under conviction, and have come seeking advice on spiritual matters, and asking for our prayers. The forces of evil are strong here, but we are trusting in an Almighty Saviour.—Northern.

Souls at Nanaimo

Captain and Mrs. Coleman—Following our usual Thursday night Salvation Meeting we went straight into a Half-night of Prayer, this being the commencement of our Crusade; in this Meeting two souls came to the Mercy-Seat, for which we praise God. The week-end Meetings were a great blessing to our souls. The Saturday night Meeting was led by the Band, with Deputy-Bandmaster Ramsell taking the lesson. Sunday two good Open-Airs were followed by the Holiness Meeting in which Mrs. Coleman gave the address. During the afternoon the Band went out to Five Acres there to play to a sick man who was much blessed by our music. Captain Kenny from Alaska, who had been with us all day, took charge of the Salvation Meeting, and we had a blessed time.—C.C.

"Some defy the devil with their lips, but defy him in their lives." In those who talk most boldly about the new enemy are generally his friends. Those who have really fought with him have a salutary horror of his very name.



Let Us Sing Together!

NEW AND ORIGINAL SONGS FOR THE CRUSADE

Tune: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"

Comrades, the Day is coming,
Day in the World foretold;
When 'mid the scenes triumphant,
Longed for by men of old,
He, Who on earth a stranger,
Traversed the ways of pain,
Jesus, our Prince and Saviour,
Comes evermore to reign.

Chorus:

Sing, for the Day is coming.
Sing for the Day of God;
Sing as we're marching to Glory,
Sing of the cleansing Blood.

Comrades, the Day is coming,
Made for the saints of light,
Off with the garments dreary,
On with the armor bright;
Soon will the strife be ended,
Soon all our toils below,
Not to the night we're marching,
But to the Day we go.

Comrades, the Day is coming;
No time for sadness now,
Hangs for the hands once drooping,
Crowns for the victor's brow.
See, see the light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear,
Soon will the night be near—
Jesus, the Lord, is near.

Tune: "Take time to be holy"

I wait at Thy feet, Lord,
Oh, speak Thou the word;
Tell me of Thy will, Lord,
And it shall be heard.
And hearing, obeying—
Swift, swift I will be;
Just glad to be doing
Some service for Thee.

Tune: "I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood"

I remember when the burden of my heart
Rolled away
I remember when He lifted me from out
The miry clay;
I remember when He found me,
Put His loving arms around me;
I remember when the Lord found me.

Tune: "Trust and Obey"

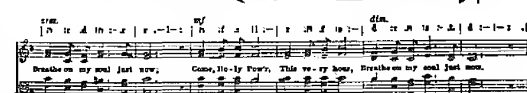
When we're walking with God,
O'er the heavenly road,
When we trust in His all-cleansing Blood,
Sorrow changes to song.
As we journey along,
Marching on in the favor of God.

Chorus:

Walking with God,
On the heavenly road,
It is glory in glory,
When we're walking with God.

Other Papers Please Acknowledge—"J"

BREATHE ON MY SOUL, BLEST SPIRIT!



A beautiful Prayer-Meeting chorus,
which Mrs. Commissioner Rich has recently revived amongst us.

Victory Winning at Sherbrooke St.

The week's fighting has been just as tense as that of last week, even more so when it is known that Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele has been in charge of some of the Meetings, and when we have had the

Tune: "Lord, I care not for riches"
or "Is my name written there?"
There is mercy in Jesus,
For the sinner astray,
And for those whose transgressions
May have borne them away.
There's a call for the wanderer
Whosoever he may be;
But for me who would serve Him—
Is there victory for me?

Chorus:

There is victory for me;
There is victory for me;
By His all-cleansing mercy—
There is victory for me.

He has care for the sinner;
He has love for the lost;
Did He not die to save them
At such terrible cost?
But for those who would know Him,
Who would friends with Him be?
Tell me, is He as anxious
To give victory for me?

He has mercy for thousands,
Worlds on worlds wait His word;
Yet to me He becometh
My own intimate Lord.
He repeateth His promise
Grace sufficient shall be;
And He tells me quite plainly
There is victory for me.

Tune: "Trusting as the moments fly"

Joy—beyond expression glad;
Peace—where once such fears I had;
Freedom—more than I can say
Since He washed my sins away.

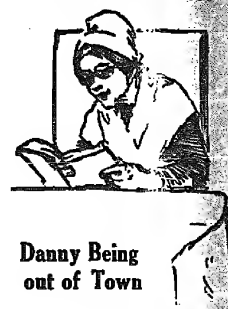
Tune: "Sing it o'er and o'er again"

Only to know my Saviour is He;
Only to hear Him speaking to me;
Only to have Him walking with me—
Is more than life itself to me.

Tune: "Rocked in the cradle of the Deep"

No other voice I long to hear;
No other form I long to see;
No other way I want to tread;
No other will but Thine for me.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Pomore



Danny Being out of Town

Ste. Al Styremup Manions,
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is all very well for Danny to leave this job to me, but I am already tired of it. It's recreation for him, it's hard work for me. He comes in for supper, hurries through it, and then he says, "Now, missus, let's clear the table. I've got my 'Deliberations' to do." Tuesday night always makes me upset—he is so dreadfully fussy and busy.

As for me I'm hard at it all day long, never a moment to myself, always somebody at the door, or on the phone, and always just when I've got my hands in water or am up to my arms in flour, or something like that. And then I'm afraid I've broken Danny's typewriter—I can't get it to go, the ribbon's got all balled up, and I don't know how to fix it. He will be annoyed when he gets back. And it's such a nuisance always having to look up the dictionary for correct spelling.

Besides, there isn't any news worth speaking about this week. I thought I would have a lot of victories to report, but it seems to me that everybody is so busy doing special stunts, that they have no time for "Cry" selling, the best sort of all. I did think they might have had a few "Crys" on sale down at Smith and Portage the other noon-hour, but nobody thinks of "Cry" selling on the street these days. Something different to what they used to do when I was a girl in the old Corps at home.

Dear Dorcas:

You will be pleased to know I have having great times at La Prairie. The crowds were splendid the first few nights, but I think there must have been some other attractions in the town "Cry" then. However, we shall pull up for the weekend. I have found Brother Dale such a help, except that he will keep beating the drum just when I want to be most impressive with my own harp accompaniment. The Editor ought to write an article on that instead of spending so much time about loading. I should be ever so glad if you would look on the bookcase, the second shelf from the top, and the fifth book from the left-hand side; it is a book of "Red-Hot Sermons" and I want to give them something strong for Sunday night. Don't forget. I hope you're here are not heavy enough. I hope you're that things are going on all right with the Corps—and you.

Your loving husband,
Daniel Dore, Envy.

I've found and sent the book to him, but I don't think he will get it in time for Sunday night. I am glad to be having a good time, pity about the books, but I don't agree with him criticizing you, Mr. Editor. I am still holding over his correspondence; another letter has come in since last week. I've not yet been able to tell me I ought to have sent it to you, but I want to speak to him about it.

Yours still in the War,
Dorcas Dore, Mrs. Envy

P.S.—Oh, I quite forgot to say that Ensign and Mrs. Moll of Vegreville Corps have ordered 10 extra "Crys." I think this is perfectly sweet of them; hard working couple they are, bless them.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

THE topic which brought us together last Friday was certainly cause for smiles and a few quips, if one be made that way. We think Major Tyndall was quite aware of this when he asked Staff-Captain Steele to announce "Three Fools." The fact that we had pitched our Holiness Gathering right in the midst of the stirring Salvation scenes now being enacted at the Citadel, gave added piquancy to the situation.

Main Street was resounding with the thump of drum and the shout of energetic Crusaders as we made our way to the Meeting. Torch-bearers in actuality too, for good old-fashioned torches emblazoned the march, and called all and sundry to come with us. We had it in mind that it certainly would be a case of "mixed pickles" as an old veteran of our memory used to say.

But we sorted ourselves out just fine. The opening song went with a vim and swing that none could question, the main hall was filled with a happy crowd—one could sense Revival in the air. There was a responsiveness about the prayer minutes which was exceedingly helpful, and as one after another, the screen choruses came along, and under our D.C.'s spirited leadership they were taken up with ardour and spirit; some especially so.

Testimonies—they could scarcely be stayed; the temporary gloom of the weary periods could not check them; from the shadows there came words of gladness that could not be repressed. One brother declared that he had worked double-shift in order to be at the Meeting; that they were his weekly feast of rejoicing. Another, an unpledged, those around him for goodness' sake to hurry up and enter into the blessing he had received—and so we rejoiced together.

Mrs. Tyndall's Scripture reading was a splendid foundation for her husband's plainly put message; a message in which there was food and instruction, not to say, warning for all their hearers. The old-time parables stood out in our thoughts afresh, and then later mingled with the songs of the evening in a truly refreshing manner.

We rejoiced again over those seeking power and mercy, and thus added another to our Friday night blessings. We are looking forward with some eagerness to hearing Brigadier Carter next Friday on "Spiritual Certainties." If you are within walking distance, you come along.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY'S JOURNEYINGS

Brigadier Park on Tour

SUNDAY references in this and last week's issues have reminded us that our very good comrade, Brigadier Park, has been far afield in connection with the work of her Department—the "Women's Social." Many and varied are her responsibilities, and we can imagine that she has not enjoyed many relaxing moments.

She looks for a day when there will be especial need for her to stay longer in Saskatoon, but having completed her share in the recent Y.P. Councils there, she hastened on to Edmonton, where, indeed, she has duties which often claim her personal attention.

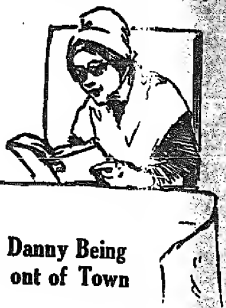
We wish it were possible within the short space at our disposal to say all that is in our mind today about the increasingly useful work which is being done by our Social comrades on the "Flats" in Edmonton, where Grace Hospital stands out like a beacon. Major Bond, and her indefatigable helpers—Adjutants Pettigrew and Sampson, and others are kept hard at it. Local editors were eloquent over the stories they secure from there, and one of these days we shall be telling some ourselves.

On to Calgary went Brigadier Park, and here she found Adjutant C. Knott, with her assistant, Adjutant Laycock, busily engaged in the enlarging work of our Grace Hospital. This too, is another institution which stands out like a beacon, and many are looking to it for comfort and help. One of the Brigadier's duties was to address an influential company of city ladies, interested in such work as our comrades are doing, and to seek to form an Auxiliary Brigade which will go a long way towards removing some of the heavy financial burdens now on our work in Calgary. (As we might also say, is anxious)

Brigadier

WHEN we week our reader the career we were the task we are some who are themselves birth right There are willing to seen, so their comrades of them and may be anxious to themselves ways easy job of the pleasant ant. It will be conceded the latter comrade, the busy ing about s on the s unple attempt say, th who's spread themselves many w Territory willingly call her. A Grace ing up years, a beneficence responsi affection however and per made has increase many, a We gether from p lieve th women is cone collegae some c tradition have frater Cry" taker medical and im us, but cal ser E Neary Cry" taker medical and im us, but cal ser E Neary Cry" taker medical and im us, but cal ser E

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It is all very well for Danny to leave this job to me, but I am already tired of it. It's recreation for him; it's hard work for me. He comes in for supper, burns through it, and then he says, "Now, missus, let's clear the table. I've got my 'Deliberations' to do." Tuesday night always makes me upset—he is so dreadfully fussy and busy.

As for me I'm hard at it all day long; never a moment to myself; always somebody at the door, or on the phone, and always just when I've got my hands in water or am up to my arms in flour, or something like that. And then I'm afraid I've broken Danny's typewriter—I can't get it to go, the ribbon's got all balled up, and I don't know how to fix it. He will be annoyed when he gets back. And this such a nuisance always having to look up the dictionary for correct spelling.

Besides, there isn't any news worth speaking about this week. I thought I would have a lot of victories to report, but it seems to me that everybody is so busy doing special stunts, that there's no time for "Cry" selling—the best sort of all. I did think they might have had a few "Crys" on sale down at Smith's Portage the other non-hour, but nobody thinks of "Cry" selling on the street these days. Something different to what they used to do when I was a girl in the old Corps at home.

Dear Dorcas:

You will be pleased to know I am having great times at La Prairie. The crowds were splendid the first few nights, but I think there must have been some other attractions in the town since then. However, we shall pull up for the weekend. I have found Brother Dale such a help, except that he will keep beating the drum just when I want to be most impressive with my enthusiastic accompaniment; the Editor ought to write an article on that instead of spending so much time about "looting." I should be ever so glad if you would look on the bookcase, the second shelf from the top, and the fifth book from the left-hand side; it is a book of "Red-Hot Sermons," and I want to give them something strong for Sunday night. Don't forget. The books I have here are not heavy enough. I hope you've sent in the letter I left for you to copy, and that things are going on all right with the Corps—and you.

Your loving husband,
Daniel Dorcas, Envy.

I've found and sent the book to him, but I don't think he will get it in time for Sunday night. I am glad it is having a good time, pity about the words, but I don't agree with him criticizing you, Mr. Editor. I am still holding over his correspondence; another letter has come in since last week. I've not got to tell me I ought to have sent it to you, but I want to speak to him about it.

Yours still in the War,

Dorcas Dorcas, Mrs. Envy

P.S.—Oh, I quite forgot to say that Ensign and Mrs. Moll of the Vegreville Corps have ordered 10 extra "Crys." I think this is perfectly sweet of them; hard working couple they are, bless them.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

THE topic which brought us together last Friday was certainly cause for smiles and a few quips, if one be made that way. We think Major Tyndall was quite aware of this when he asked Staff-Captain Steele to announce "Three Fools." The fact that we had pitched our Holiness Gathering right in the midst of the stirring Salvation scenes now being enacted at the Citadel, gave added piquancy to the situation.

Main Street was resounding with the thump of drum and the shout of energetic Crusaders as we made our way to the Meeting. Torch-bearers in actuality too, for good old-fashioned torches emblazoned the march, and called all and sundry to come with us. We had it in mind that it certainly would be a case of "mixed pickles" as an old veteran of our memory used to say.

But we sorted ourselves out just fine. The opening song went with a vim and swing that none could question; the main hall was filled with a happy crowd—one could sense Revival in the air. There was a responsiveness about the prayer minutes which was exceedingly helpful, and, as one after another, the screen choruses came along, and under our D.C.'s spirited leadership they were taken up with ardour and spirit; some especially so.

Testimonies—they could scarcely be stayed; the temporary gloom of the screen periods could not check them; from the shadows there came words of gladness that could not be repressed. One brother declared that he had worked double-shift in order to be at the Meeting; that they were his weekly feast of rejoicing. Another implored those around him for goodness' sake to hurry up and enter into the blessing he had received—and so we rejoiced together.

Mrs. Tyndall's Scripture reading was a splendid foundation for her husband's plainly put message; a message in which there was food and instruction, not to say, warning for all their hearers. The old-time parables stood out in our thoughts afresh, and then later mingled with the songs of the evening in a truly refreshing manner.

We rejoiced again over those seeking power and mercy, and thus added another to our Friday night blessings. We are looking forward with some eagerness to hearing Brigadier Carter next Friday on "Spiritual Certainties." If you are within walking distance, you come along.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY'S JOURNEYS

Brigadier Park on Tour

SUNDAY references in this and last week's issues have reminded us that our very good comrade, Brigadier Park, has been far afield in connection with the work of her Department—the "Women's Social." Many and varied are her responsibilities, and we can imagine that she has not enjoyed many relaxing moments.

She looks for a day when there will be special need for her to stay longer in Saskatoon, but having completed her share in the recent Y.P. Councils there, she hastened on to Edmonton, where, indeed, she has duties which often claim her personal attention.

We wish it were possible within the short space at our disposal to say all that is in our mind today about the increasingly useful work which is being done by our Social comrades on the "Flats" in Edmonton, where Grace Hospital stands out like a beacon. Major Bond, and her indefatigable helpers—Adjutants Patterson and Sampson, and others are kept hard at it. Local editors was eloquent over the stories they secure from there, and one of these days we shall be telling some ourselves.

On to Calgary went Brigadier Park, and here she found Adjutant C. Knott, with her assistant Adjutant Laycock, busily engaged in the enlarging work of our Grace Hospital. This too, is another institution which stands out like a beacon, and many are looking to it for comfort and help. One of the Brigadier's duties was to address an influential company of city ladies, interested in such work as our comrades are doing, and to seek to form an Auxiliary Brigade which will go a long way towards removing some of the heavy financial burdens now on our work in Calgary. (As we might also say, is

Brigadier Mary Whittaker, M.D.

WHEN we tied ourselves down last week to the duty of presenting our readers with some incidents from the career of Brigadier Whittaker, we were not altogether insensible of the task which lay before us. There are some folks of our acquaintance who are ready to tell you all about themselves, from the moment of their birth right up to the present day. There are others who are willing to blossom all unseemingly, so that the fragrance of their lives, and their somewhat influential, may be felt; never anxious to talk about themselves, but always eager to do the job of the moment—pleasant or unpleasant.

It will be generally conceded that among the latter is our good comrade, except that the business of speaking about herself is so unpleasant that she positively will not attempt it. But, as we say, there are some whose influence does spread abroad in spite of themselves, and there are many within the confines of this Territory and elsewhere who would willingly say this about Brigadier Whittaker, as we are now so glad to call her.

A Record of Stability

Grace Hospital has been building up for itself for years and years, a record of stability and loving beneficence; those who were formerly responsible for this have our grateful affection. We shall not be accused, however, of undue congratulation, when we say that the professional and personal ability, which our comrade has brought to its service, have increased that stability and affection many, many degrees.

We are not now speaking altogether by the book, only more or less from personal knowledge, but we believe the Brigadier is the pioneer of women doctors so far as the West is concerned. We have had medical colleagues among our men Officers, some of whom have created noble traditions, and whom we are glad to have met. We think with especial fraternal pride of Lt.-Colonel (Dr.) Andrews, who not only toiled amongst us, but gave his life in military medical service during the Great War.

Ever-ready Thoughtfulness

Nearly three years since "The War Cry" announced that Major Whittaker "was admirably fitted, so far as medical knowledge goes, for the high and important position which she had been called upon to occupy." That was perfectly true then, although if we were left free to stress anything today, we would rather remark upon the Doctor's ever-ready thoughtfulness, when she places her knowledge so freely at the disposal of those less equipped than herself. We say nothing about her real friendship with and for those who, in most unhappy moments, come within her care; nor of her rejoicing with those who in the supreme joy of happy motherhood call upon her to share their happiness. But this is all part of our Army call,

the case at Edmonton, and many others. What a cry it is!

From Calgary the Brigadier travelled on to Regina, where our Women's Settlement has long been a centre of health and healing. It fills a place in the city and provincial life which would otherwise be a weary waste. The measure of support which already obtains is an indication of the esteem which the Settlement Workers have created, but unfortunately it does not meet the necessities of the case. This is another of the Social Secretary's anxieties, one too which rests very heavily

Brigadier Whittaker's career has been full of stirring incidents, contrasted with some quiet, even placid moments. Commencing her Field Service as Lieutenant to Captain (now Colonel) Mary Booth, anybody who knows anything of the strenuous Corps labors of our General's daughters and sons, would easily understand she had no lazy days in that part of her career. At Hastings she shared in the trouble which the Army had with the authorities about its Open-Air Meetings, never knowing when she or her Captain might be called upon for her own Jail experience.

Following this, a term in the Mother's Hospital at Clapton, only to be rudely broken in upon by the call for War Service. Our friend was one of the little band of Salvationists who were trapped in Brussels by the Germans; they escaped by walking from Brussels to Ostend; a tale full of thrill if only she would talk about it, but she will not. For her services during these days she received the Mons Star.

The Western Front in 1918

Those were stirring and never-to-be-forgotten days which she spent in company with Colonel Booth, and other intrepid souls, during the following five years in France. She was at Amiens when the Germans broke through on the Western Front in 1918, and all Hospital workers had their hands full after the terrible battles of those days. In the intervals, such as they were, Ensign Whittaker was carefully pursuing her studies, which were taken up with zest after the Armistice.

They were, in another way perhaps, equally strenuous years; seeking knowledge which would be used on the wide battlefield with disease and sickness; but how well she put those days to use, is evidenced by the professional diplomas which came to her, and which now serve to show the accepted and eminent position she holds in medical circles in Winnipeg, and indeed the world generally.

Further Honors

Since coming to Winnipeg the Brigadier has not been without recognition of her special place in professional circles. The Women's Medical Association of Manitoba elected her their president for the current year; and she is also the only woman having a seat on the Committee charged with the local arrangements for the World's Medical Congress which is to meet in the City in 1930. Special honors these—all round we say, and we rejoice with her.

All this is good news, we set it down gladly, almost proudly, for is she not one of us? Although after all, we do rejoice most, we think, in the humble and comradely Salvationism which we associate with her name. That is an honor to which we all can attain, but we are glad to call her "Brigadier Whittaker," are we not?

also on the shoulders of the Warden, Adjutant McAuley, who faces it with a cheery spirit.

However, the Brigadier can tell some good stories of answers to prayer, and of salvation and hope, so she is not without real optimism. Indeed, this is the mood, so it seems to us, in which she has returned to T.H.Q. to take up the other tasks which await her. Anyway, she had the additional blessing afforded by the Commissioner's Meetings in Regina, so she ought to be altogether without "joy in believing." God bless the "W.S.W."

MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

Conducts Farewell and Announcement Meeting at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg

MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH'S helpful presence, coupled with her motherly, understanding words, was a most pleasant episode for the girls on the Home Side at the Winnipeg "Grace" last Thursday. The special occasion was the farewell of three Officers, who have made their service affectionately felt during recent months; Captains Jones, Thatcher, and Tindale. These Officers, as we think we mention elsewhere, are proceeding to the "Grace" at Vancouver. They have labored unceasingly in Winnipeg and it was especially nice that Mrs. Rich should find it possible to come along and mark their service in this way.

Among other happenings of the evening was the announcement, by Mrs. Rich, of the promotion of Dr. Whittaker to the rank of Brigadier. This was most enthusiastically received, being in the nature of quite a surprise to some in the little audience. The reception of the news left no doubt as to the hold the Brigadier has upon the goodwill of those who are amongst her special responsibilities.

The singing during the evening was especially hearty, and we feel sure that our leader's words of counsel and advice were well received; many of her hearers are now serving the Lord, and we pray for them.

Fort Rouge — Three Seekers on Monday Night

It can well be imagined that Mrs. Rich would not be slow to take advantage of the hand-to-hand opportunities of fighting which the Crusade offers, and so it is no surprise to hear that she was at Fort Rouge on Monday night last.

A splendid crowd gathered—the Hall was full—and the spirit of the Campaign was well in evidence; the special day which our comrades had had on the Sunday shed its influence over this particular Meeting. Mrs. Adjutant T. Mundy added to the zest of the evening, with her bright testimony and happy song.

Mrs. Rich conducted the service in her own "homely" fashion, and the good people quickly responded thereto. Highlights, as some folks call them, are not in her style, she deals out the truth in a straightforward unmistaken manner, and it is no wonder, but cause for praise to God, that three seekers were registered.

Fort Rouge Corps Band was out in force—nothing unusual for that excellent young combination—but still, a special tribute to the affection which the people of this fighting Outpost have for their premier Soldiers—Commissioner and Mrs. Rich.

WOMEN CRUSADERS AT MT. PLEASANT

Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne and Grace Hospital Officers Lead On

Ensign and Mrs. Rea—A Half-night of Prayer laid a firm foundation for our Crusade here. A large number attended the Meeting led by the Corps Officers resulted in a whole-hearted consecration for service on the part of all present.

On Sunday, Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne, and a number of the Grace Hospital Officers, were in charge all day, and we had a blessed time indeed. In the Holiness Meeting the Colonel's words of cheer brought rest to the troubled soul of a Bandsman who fully surrendered himself. Captain Stratton, assisted by a comrade Officer from "The Grace," led a really good Meeting in the afternoon.

At night Mrs. Payne, supported by Adjutant Lister, was again on deck. There was a tinge of sadness in this Meeting, it being the Memorial Service for Bandsman J. Poole. The Colonel spoke tenderly of his promotion to Glory; the Bandmaster also spoke of his cheerful Band service, and of his bright disposition. Following a Band selection and a duet from Adjutant Lister, and another Officer, the Colonel read the 23rd Psalm and spoke helpfully. A hard-fought Prayer Meeting followed in which there were three seekers for Salvation and two for Holiness—S.C.P.

It's the Finish That Counts

No race is over till the last yard's run. No game is ever lost until it's won—A fire is never dead until the ashes are still red. Nor the sun set in the skies Until the day is done.



Power of God Manifested at Vancouver III

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern—Sunday, Jan. 29th, was a day of preparation at Vancouver III for the great Crusade. The Holiness Meeting was a heart-stirring time. Ensign McEachern urged every soldier present to "buy up" their opportunity and go for souls so that a mighty revival might spread over Grandview.



Ensign McEachern

At the evening Meeting Mrs. McEachern gave a powerful address following which one young man who had been a backslider for a long time came back to Christ. Once he held a number of important positions in the Corps, and was a mighty fighter for the Lord. He and all were glad to see him make his stand for God and the night once more. So glad were they that the Meeting concluded with a Hallelujah wind-up.

Monday's Y.P. Meeting was conducted by our esteemed Alaskan Comrade Capt. Chester Worthington. Another visitor was Sister Mrs. Oyama, one of the Army's first converts in Japan, who was introduced by Captain Goodwin, Chaplain. Mrs. Oyama gave the Young People assembled an interesting story of her life. In broken English she told how God had been a wonderful tower of strength to her in a life of much trial and tribulation. Mrs. Oyama also sang a chorus in her native language much to the joy of the children in the Meeting. Captain Worthington delivered the evening message. The Y.P. Band was on hand and provided the music.

Thursday's Meeting was in charge of Mrs. Fuller and her Brigade of Corps Cadets, C.C. M. Hutchings led a lively, inspiring testimony. The lesson was taken by C. E. Wiseman who urged all who were spiritually blind to throw off their mantle of darkness, and step into the true light of Christ. The prayer meeting was a fierce struggle. The devil was putting up a strong resistance, but, thank God, the power of God brought victory into the hearts of two woeful seekers for a fuller conversion.

Saturday's Free-and-Easy was led by three veterans, Sergt-Major Bradley, Bro. Russell and Bro. Hutchings. In the Testimony Meeting the old times were in a reminiscent mood and the hearts of the younger disciples were stirred at their stories of Army warfare in the early days. Bro. McNeill, of Victoria, gave a helpful talk. Following the appeal by the Sergt-Major, one young man whom we have been praying for some time came back to us as a joyful soul. At spiritual Meetings conducted with the Life Savers, eleven Sinners and our Guard gave their lives to Christ and accepted Him as the guiding factor in their young lives.

So far in the Crusade we have been able to rejoice over sixteen seekers. Hallelujah S.C.H.

REGINA CITADEL HOME LEAGUE

Recently the Home League members, under Sister Mrs. Gascoigne, held their annual supper, presided over by the Divisional H. L. Secretary, Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle. The gathering, attended by the husbands of the members was most enjoyable. After the ample supper Adjutant Mundy spoke, as did Mrs. Captain Smith, a former member of the League. Treasurer Mrs. Parker read the Year's report, this showing the League to be in a beautiful condition, and a very valuable asset to the Citadel Corps. Mrs. Adjutant Mundy and Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle then spoke. Mrs. Tuttle paying tribute to the untiring work of the Secretary. Envoy Gascoigne spoke a few words on behalf of the husbands—B.V.G.W.

LACOMBE—W.G.W.

Captain McKay and Lieut. Morrison. The weekend Jan. 21-22, was a red-letter occasion for Lacombe Salvationists. During the absence of our Officers at the Vancouver Congress the Meetings were led by the Soldiers and Recruits. On Sunday two one-time Officers were in charge: Sister Mrs. Barker in the morning and Envoy Crego at night. It is a coincidence that when Mrs. Barker, as Lieutenant Bennington was stationed at Kinmount, Envoy Crego, perhaps better known as Ensign Crego, or "Slim Jim the Fiddler," was a Soldier under her. These comrades led red-hot Meetings, with plenty of singing of old-fashioned songs and choruses. A really heart-searching time was experienced by all.—W.P.C.

FULLY ARMED

Vernon Officers Read Scriptures on Street Corners

Captain Buckley and Lieut. Mack—Walking through the residential part of Vernon, a pair of men you will see two young men in their Army uniform standing at a street corner. One is armed with a trombone and the other a Bible. It is the Corps Officers doing their Crusade being-bardment. It is their intention that the Bible shall be read in every street in Vernon at the noon-hour during the coming month. We have been having some soul-stirring Meetings lately. Another Soldier has been added to the roll.

BIBLE REPLACES IDOLS and other Stirring Incidents from the Winnipeg Citadel Crusade

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton—"Where is Jesus?"—This heading attracted our eye, and without reading further our hearts gave the answer. "At work in the Winnipeg Citadel." We wish we had time, space and the literary power to chronicle all the events of the first full week of the Crusade at the Citadel. It would be interesting reading.

Permit us to give a few, however. On Monday night, after the Meeting had closed, and most people had left the building, we witnessed, and assisted in, the return to the Fold of a precious young "sheep," a young man, not very far gone in sin, but with all the possibilities of youth before him, precious indeed he was in God's sight. Every night following he was in his place on the march with torch or signboard.

Again on Tuesday we listened to the following from a man who rose from his knees at the Pentecost Form: "Last night Sister Mrs. Merritt dealt with me about my soul. I didn't come out, though I have done so now, but this did. When I got home I took two packages of tobacco out of my pocket, and a cigarette-making machine, and after putting them in the Bible in my place. See, there it is," and he proudly displayed his Bible. We said that our Comrade had won half of his battle then, and had come Tuesday to finish off the job. He also was a "torch-bearer" the rest of the week.

A great spirit of aggression has come upon all sections of the Corps, all of whom are doing their part bravely: especially is this so of the nightly torch-light procession, which is attracting hundreds each night in the centre of the City. The Band on one night, by way of diversion, split into three parties, and in different streets drew large crowds to each Open-Air.

Major and Mrs. Tyndall, our specials, during the weekend, February 11-12, entered heartily into the fray, and their red-hot messages burned their way into many hearts. Many expressions of appreciation of the Sunday morning Meeting, which was broadcast over CKY, Manitoba's own station, have reached us; the music, song and the Major's message all blending into a great movement upward toward the "Pentecost Experience." A big, eager crowd, mostly men, filled the floor of the building in the afternoon, and listened

attentively to the Band, Lt.-Colonel Sims (fresh from Western triumphs), and a few pages out of Major Tyndall's Indian Diary.

At night, following the largest torch-light march during the Crusade, the simple truths and earnest entreaties of Major and Mrs. Tyndall, the Songster's assurance that "The God of our fathers in just the same to-day, able to deliver in His ever-loving way," and the Band's message in song, "For you He is calling," were all blessedly used by young men who showed commendable eagerness to make their way to the Mercy-Seat quite voluntarily.

On Monday again we had a splendid "break" through the enemy's ranks, three adult prisoners and five young boys being the net result of our "raid." Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was on the bridge, and is to be commended for the excellent results obtained from her re-organization Y.P. Singing Company. "Sermons in Music" they truly gave us. The Y.P. Band also aided admirably.

One of the adult seekers, a drink slave, confessed he had been fighting on conviction for two solid weeks, and another young man, a Dutchman, who gave us a very clear, definite testimony, said he had been under conviction since last Tuesday night, when he said, the Band attracted him on Main Street, and led him to follow to the Hall. We would mention that one of the last requests Major Tyndall made on Sunday night before closing was prayer for a young Dutchman who had left the hall, under conviction. Praise God! He answers prayer!

At the time of writing there is a remarkable change in Handeman Hill Seminary, the side-drummer of the Citadel Band. On Thursday last his condition became so critical that a blood-transfusion was deemed necessary, and even then, according to the surgeon, it was a chance in a hundred. But God saw fit to reward our faith and prayers. A number of the Bandmen offered themselves and it fell to the lot of a former comrade of ours, Brother W. Thomson, to be chosen for the operation and to give his blood. Praise God for answered prayers in spring our brother Bandman—J.R.W.

CAPTURES AT FORT FRANCES

Drank Until All His Money Went

Captain and Mrs. Hill—On Sunday, February 5th, the power of God was made manifest in our gatherings. In the Holiness Meeting, Captain Hill spoke on Isaiah's Call and was the means of blessing to many. In the Company Meeting we had a splendid attendance. At night Captain Flannigan was with us and after a solo sung by Captain Hill, he delivered a forceful appeal which resulted in two backsliders coming back to God. The week-night Meetings have been times of great blessing and splendid crowds have attended. The comrades are rallying splendidly for the Crusade.

Sunday February 12th was another full day spent in the service of the Lord. In the morning the Captain spoke on the "Great Father Heart." In the evening Meeting we were pleased to have Mrs. Brigadier (speaking with us). After a well-rendered solo by Captain Flannigan, Mrs. Gosling's address, on "Jesus the Life, the Truth, the Way," brought conviction to many hearts.—Mayfair.

NORTH VANCOUVER

Five Seekers Finish Good Day

Ensign V. Barker and Lieut. D. Miller. This Corps is in for victory during the Crusade. The first Sunday of the effort our Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier Layman led us on, assisted by Brother and Sister Houghton. The Holy Spirit was at work, and after a good day we had the joy of seeing five seekers at the Mercy-Seat. The previous Sunday Captain Chester Worthington from Alaska was with us, and his messages were a blessing to us all.—B.V.M.D.

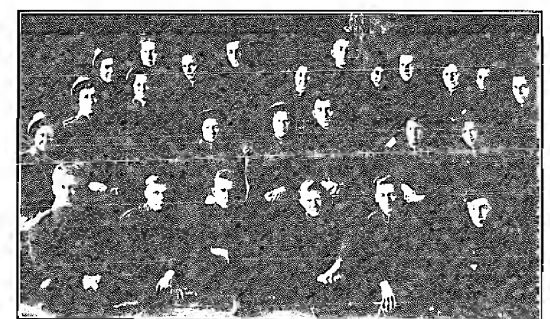
BACKSLIDERS RETURN AT SASKATOON

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NEW SOLDIERS AT VANCOUVER VII

Captain Danchurch and Lieut. G. Ferguson. The first Sunday of the Crusade the Meetings were conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Spearing, and much blessing was received therefrom. Captain Pickering was a recent visitor whose words helped us exceedingly. Our faith is high for the Crusade. Two of our recruits were recently enrolled as Senior Soldiers. We are praying and believing that God will continue to bless us.—S.R.M.W.



The "Conqueror" Session of Officers who met during the recent Congress at Vancouver, with Captain and Mrs. Edwards, Sessional Brigant Officers.

The Return of the Drum at Coleman

Captain and Mrs. Hill—We felt the God certainly blessed us in the all-night of Friday the opening event of our Crusade. On the same day the Corps Officers

accompanied by Captain Harbor, went to twelve miles hike up the mountains to visit the logging camp, where the lumberjacks greatly appreciated the visit. Captain Harbor, who was with us for the weekend, took the Holiness Meeting, and was a blessing to all. In the afternoon he visited the Company Meeting. In the night Open-Air Meeting we had a welcome visitor—the drum—which has been away in Calgary for months. The presence of this necessary weapon of war, which we had so much excitement on the spot. On the Monday night, in the United Church, Captain Harbor, who was with us for the weekend, took the Holiness Meeting, and was a blessing to all. In the afternoon he visited the Company Meeting. In the night Open-Air Meeting we had a welcome visitor—the drum—which has been away in Calgary for months. The presence of this necessary weapon of war, which we had so much excitement on the spot. 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the Line

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The Return of the Drum at Coleman

Colonel Sims (fresh) a few pages out of the Song of the Drum of our fathers in His ever-blessed message in song, is all blessedly used for the Salvation of two hundredable experiences. Mercy-Seat quite vol- a splendid "break" three adult prisoners the net result of our Chris was on the Chris since last Tuesday acted him on Main re-organized. Y.P. in Music they land also aided ad- drink slave, confessed On Monday night, in the United Chris Captain Harbor gave an illustrated Lecture the Pilgrim's Progress. We had a mass here and we feel much good will be accomplished thereby.—C.H.



Captain Hibel

DRUMHELLER

Crowded Meetings and Sermons. Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell. We have started the Crusade in high faith. On Friday night we commenced with a half-light Prayer, at which a very large number was present and prayer was earnest. The Holy Spirit was very near indeed. Commandant Carroll arrived at ten o'clock and was given a warm welcome. His words were evidence of his great faith and he encouraged our hearts. Special prayer was offered on behalf of the sick of the town. On Saturday a large crowd listened to the stirring Open-Air and inside the Commandant spoke convincingly on "Can we know Him?"

TURN AT

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MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Brengle—brought up to date by "J."

This is truly the Story of a Valiant Soul. It is also a tale of Old-Country homes and lanes; and as we proceed, will become a tale of New-Country vigour and Salvation. It will tell of the first days of The Army in Canada, and remind us of the struggles of those times. It will show how a simple village maiden became a veritable Fighter for God and a Saint in His Kingdom.

CHAPTER I A Brutal Father

"MOTHER, can't I go see Mary Jane?" asked little Susan Nichols, aged eight.

"No, child! Don't you know she has small-pox?" returned the mother, busily "living around" at her morning's work for her large and rather helpless family.

"Yes, that's why I want to go!" exclaimed Susan. "I've never seen the small-pox."

pox had spoiled her good looks, and she had nothing to recommend her to him as against the fact that she had brought trouble, expense, and even death into his family. He hated her, and what a father can do to make a child's life wretched; he never spared her.

Susan knew little of the joys of religion. She had always been sent carefully to the Methodist Sunday-School, in a building which has since been a Salvation Army Hall, and there she was taught the simple story of Jesus in a way that even a child could understand.

Long before the days of The Army the



walls of that little chapel rang with the old chorus:

"When the mighty, mighty Trump sounds,
Come, come away.
Oh, may we be ready
To hail that glad day."

It struck conviction into the little heart, for Susan knew she was not ready to stand before God, and she stayed after the class was dismissed, on this particular Sunday, to get right.

A definite transaction. There was a definite transaction, that day between her young soul and its Maker. There is always such definite dealing when a soul is truly converted, although often, through a bewildering rush of emotion, or because the mind is not used to formulating its own processes, the plain offer of God, on the one hand, and the actual closing of the soul, by faith, with that offer, are not recognised as such.

But this child of eight so recognized it: "I asked God to forgive me," she said, "and I believed that He did, because He had promised to in His Word."

It was not necessary to lie wrestling on the floor, and leave behind a pool of salt tears, as Susan did; but a hearty repentance always goes before true faith—saving faith always follows genuine repentance. No doubt, if the old chapel had at that time been an Army Hall, this Junior Soldier would have gone home to try and get her mother saved; but now, all that she thought of doing was to tell her that she was very happy, and that she expected to see God. For Susan had this idea firmly fixed in her mind, that she should see Him Who had saved her, with her mortal eyes.

Every morning, when she first got up, she ran to look towards the West, away from the dazzling sun, for the Saviour; and neither the long, blossoming garden

walk, the level fields beyond, nor any of the lovely English sights, held her eyes from the skies where she expected him to appear.

And at last He did. To the very end of her long, long life, Susan was most definite in saying that her Jesus answered her expectant faith on that long-ago morning, and that she saw Him as He appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, in the shining white robes of the great glory.

At least, her belief, coupled with her subsequent experience, shows the powerlessness of any supernatural vision to keep the heart stayed upon God, and right before Him. The hourly communion of any plodding follower of Jesus will do more toward that than any recorded visions. Paul's sight of the third heaven had to be offset by a lasting thorn, lest he "should be exalted above measure."

"I see God!"

"Oh, mother—I see God!" cried Susan. "Nonsense, child; no one ever saw Him," said the mother. She would not listen as the child tried to tell her about heart, and told no one else.

One Sunday, not long after Susan's conversion, Mrs. Nichols asked her to run out and buy some turnips for the family dinner. She was met with the unexpected answer, "My teacher says it's a sin."

The Spirit drove home the child's words, and her mother was melted in a moment. "I know it's a sin, my child," she said, "and I'll not ask you again!"

She saw, then, clearly, that she was not only going to hell, but had been trying to lead her daughter there with her. She got on her knees at once, and asked God to save her. A marked change was apparent in her from this time on. She became an active Christian worker, got people saved, in her turn, and though she had not opportunity of preaching herself, used, later in life, to furnish the local preacher of the place with heads and analyses for his sermons, though she could not possibly have given a name to her efforts in this line, other than "my ideas of the text."

Christ's saving power was well taught to Susan, but not His keeping power. She thought that she had to keep herself, and that goodness consisted in abstaining from lies or speaking wickedness. There was a great deal to be kept from beside, if she had realised it. Hatred, revenge, and envy would crop up in her little soul when her father maltreated her or ridiculed her, especially when his persecution took the form of putting plasters on her poor scared and mottled face, and holding her up before the glass with a mocking "There—see what a beauty you are!"

One day a neighbor, the owner of a plum tree overhanging the walls of the Nichols' garden, walked in with the accusation, "That there mawther (girl) of yours has been stealing my greengages."

"I could cry no more!"

"I'll give her greengages," said the ready father, barely waiting to note that she was the only one of the children tall enough to reach the boughs.

"And whipped and beaten I was till I could cry no more," was Susan's sequel to the neighbor's tale. The little brothers, who had mounted each other's shoulders,

and stolen the fruit, tried to console her afterwards. Susan would not let them confess, for why should they be beaten too? But the wounds in her childish heart rankled for years.

Their father's ways were well calculated to prejudice the minds of the small Nichols against all accepted forms of religion. Grace at meals was strictly insisted upon, and it fell to Susan, as eldest, to repeat:

"We thank Thee, Lord for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' Blood.
Let manna to our souls be given—
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven."

This ceremony satisfactorily performed, the head of the family dealt out to each child a very small portion of food, with the remark, "This is your share, and if you ask for any more you shan't have it, not if it was to save your life." So readily he solved the food problem which caused his wife so much anxiety.

Sundays were celebrated by an extra dinner; but the least breach of manners was seized upon as an excuse to send the offender off to bed for the rest of the day, with neither dinner or supper. Susan laughed so easily that she was oftenest the victim of her father's desire to save food; but one Sabbath she had the company of two of her brothers upstairs; and at night the father set out for the evening service at the Parish Church, leaving the youngsters safe in bed, and the stairway door secured by a fork stuck in the casing.

Hunger at last became stronger than fear in the small trio; they crept down the staircase, and rattled at the door, till presently out fell the fastening work. They were sure, now, to be beaten, and they might as well have the worth of their prospective hiding, so they ran over to the cupboard in the corner, and filled themselves with the remains of the Sunday's meal.



They had barely finished, when there was a step on the stone, and the door opened—but it was only mother.

"Children, what are you doing? Your father'll kill you!" she cried. "Hurry back—he's just behind."

They scuttled up the staircase softly and as quickly as mice; their pale mother stuck the fork in the hole, and they were safe for the time.

(To be continued)



"You've Murdered her."

